* Aug. 27, 1949

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS—Rex Harrison, as Henry VIII, and Joyce Redman, as Anne Boleyn, make Maxwell Anderson's tragedy seem considerably more exciting and poetic than it actually is. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

DEATH OF A SALESMAN—In this solid tragedy about a man who has come to the end of his rope, Arthur Miller more than fulfills the promise he showed in "All My Sons." Lee J. Cobb heads the excellent cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

DETECTIVE STORY—Sidney Kingsley's message about totalitarian government vs. democracy interferes only intermittently with this rough-house in a police station. Ralph Bellamy plays a tough cop to perfection. (Hudson, 44th St., E. LU 2-1087. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

GOODBYE, MY FANCY—A beautiful congresswoman, a college president, and a *Life* photographer are those principally involved in Fay Kanin's expert, if not terribly profound, play. The cast includes Ruth Hussey and Conrad Nagel. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT—Giraudoux's play dealing with a demented old lady who kills off a bunch of rich and wicked people has been intelligently adapted by Maurice Valency. With Martita Hunt, Estelle Winwood, John Carradine, and Nydia Westman. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

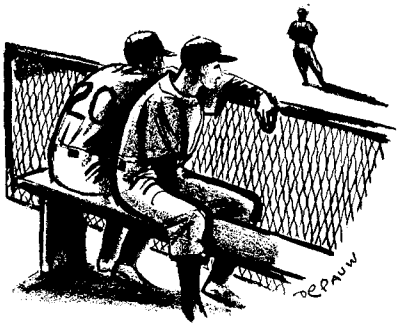
LONG RUNS—BORN YESTERDAY: All about an enlightened tramp and a scheming junk dealer. Now with Joan Morgan and Jesse White. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **MISTER ROBERTS:** The one about a Navy cargo ship during the war. With Henry Fonda, Robert Keith, and William Harrigan. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE:** Tennessee Williams' big job, concerning a woman's withdrawal into a world of illusion. With Uta Hagen. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

KISS ME, KATE—Alfred Drake and Patricia Morison in an exemplary fusion of William Shakespeare and Cole Porter. They are given some very lively aid by Bella and Samuel Spewack, who wrote the parts of the book that Shakespeare didn't. With Lisa Kirk and Harold Lang. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LEND AN EAR—A collection of sharp, witty sketches by Charles Gaynor, who also did the music and lyrics, makes this revue one of the most cheerful things in town. Among the talented young people in the cast are Dorothy Babbs, William Eythe, Carol Channing, and Yvonne Adair. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MISS LIBERTY—A big, rather tiresome musical about Bartholdi's statue and a circulation war between Joseph Pulitzer and James Gordon Bennett. It is largely the work of Irving Berlin, Robert Sherwood and Moss Hart. Ethel Griffies is the most successful member of a cast that also includes Eddie Albert, Allyn McLerie, and Mary McCarty. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
28	29	30	31	25 1	26 2	27 3

SOUTH PACIFIC—Romantic love, miscegenation, and a lot of good, rowdy comedy are mingled in this superlative show. Richard Rodgers wrote the music, Oscar Hammerstein II handled the lyrics and collaborated with Joshua Logan on the libretto, and the cast is headed by Ezio Pinza and Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

WHERE'S CHARLEY?—Ray Bolger is chiefly responsible for the success of this musical version of "Charley's Aunt," by George Abbott and Frank Loesser. With Byron Palmer and Doretta Morrow. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—"Howdy, Mr. Ice of 1950," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40; Sundays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

CABALGATA—A Spanish revue, with singers and flamenco dancers. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(In this listing you may find a summer theatre within a reasonable distance of where you happen to be in the country. Dates and program schedules are subject to frequent revision.)

ABINGDON—Thursday, Aug. 25: "Count Your Blessings." Friday and Saturday, Aug. 26-27: "The Imaginary Invalid." Monday, Aug. 29: "You Can't Take It with You." Tuesday, Aug. 30: "The Show-Off." Wednesday, Aug. 31: "The Torch Bearers." Thursday, Sept. 1: "For Love or Money." Friday, Sept. 2: "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep." Saturday, Sept. 3 (final performance of the season): "You Can't Take It with You." (Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Va. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BAR HARBOR—Through Sunday, Aug. 28: "The Bat." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): "Goodbye Again." (Bar Harbor Playhouse, Bar Harbor, Maine. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinées Fridays at 2:30.)

CAPE MAY—Through Saturday, Aug. 27: "Pygmalion." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 29-Sept. 3: "Accent on Youth." (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

CHATHAM—Through Saturday, Aug. 27: "But Not Goodbye." Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 31-Sept. 3 (final performances of the season): "An Inspector Calls." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

COHASSET—Through Saturday, Aug. 27: Carol Stone in "Anna Christie." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 29-Sept. 3: Sylvia Sidney in "The Two Mrs. Carrolls." (South Shore Playhouse, Town Hall, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

COONAMESSETT—Through Saturday, Aug. 27: Helen Hayes in "Good Housekeeping," a new play. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 29-Sept. 3 (final performances of the season): Gertrude Lawrence in "September Tide." (Falmouth Playhouse, Coonamessett-on-Cape Cod, Mass. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturday at 2:30.)

DENNIS—Through Saturday, Aug. 27: Gertrude Lawrence in "September Tide." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 29-Sept. 3: Edward Everett Horton in "Present Laughter." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

EAST HAMPTON—Through Saturday, Aug. 27: Grace and Paul Hartman in "Up to Now," a new revue. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 29-Sept. 3 (final performances of the season): Kay Francis in "Let Us Be Gay." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:45. Matinée Wednesday at 2:40.)

GUILFORD—Through Saturday, Aug. 27: "Best Foot Forward." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 29-Sept. 3 (final performances of the season): "Yankee Clambake," a new revue. (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Fridays at 2:40.)

IVORYTON—Through Saturday, Aug. 27: Arthur Treacher in "Blithe Spirit." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 29-Sept. 3: Grace and Paul Hartman in "Up to Now," a new revue. (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

MARBLEHEAD—Through Saturday, Aug. 27: Cornel Wilde and Patricia Knight in "Western Wind," a new play. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 29-Sept. 3 (final performances of the season): Helen Hayes in "Good Housekeeping," a new play. (North Shore Players, Marblehead, Mass. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:45. Matinée Wednesday at 2:45.)

MIDDLEBURY—Through Sunday, Aug. 28 (final performances of the season): "Night Must Fall." (Green Mountain Playhouse, Middlebury, Vt. Nightly at 8:30.)

MILLBURN—Through Saturday, Sept. 3: "The Desert Song." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Mill-

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXV, No. 27, August 27, 1949. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1949, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Subscription rates: One year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

burn, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MOUNTAINHOME—Through Saturday, Aug. 27: To be announced. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 29-Sept. 3: Ann Harding in "Yes, My Darling Daughter." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MOYLAN—Thursday, Aug. 25: "The Quick and the Dead." Friday, Aug. 26: "Ladies in Arms." Saturday, Aug. 27: "The Mistress of the Inn." Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "The Romantic Age." Friday, Sept. 2: "And He Did Hide Himself." Saturday, Sept. 3: "Saint Joan." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

NEW HOPE—Through Saturday, Aug. 27: "The Swan." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 29-Sept. 3: Ian Keith in "The Winslow Boy." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NEWPORT—Through Saturday, Aug. 27: Helmut Dantine in "No Time for Comedy." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 29-Sept. 3: Basil Rathbone in "The Heiress." (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OLNEY—Through Sunday, Aug. 28: John Loder and Vicki Cummings in "For Love or Money." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4: Susan Peters in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." (Olney Theatre, Olney, Md. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

PAWLING—Through Sunday, Aug. 28: "Jenny Kissed Me." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4: "Miranda," a new play. (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

PROVINCETOWN—Through Saturday, Aug. 27: "Eastward in Eden." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 29-Sept. 3: "As You Like It." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

SARATOGA SPRINGS—Through Saturday, Aug. 27 (final performances of the season): "The Voice of the Turtle." (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40.)

SEA CLIFF—Through Sunday, Aug. 28: Kay Francis in "Let Us Be Gay." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4: Sarah Churchill and Jeffrey Lynn in "The Philadelphia Story." (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

SKOWHEGAN—Through Saturday, Aug. 27: Fay Bainter in "O Mistress Mine." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 29-Sept. 3: "The Winslow Boy." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

SMITHTOWN BRANCH—Through Sunday, Aug. 28: "The Torch Bearers." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4: "On Borrowed Time." (Old Town Theatre, Smithtown Branch, L.I. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40.)

STOCKBRIDGE—Through Saturday, Aug. 27: Leo G. Carroll in "Jenny Kissed Me." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 29-Sept. 3: Eva Le Gallienne in "The Corn Is Green." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WESTPORT—Through Saturday, Aug. 27: Sarah Churchill and Jeffrey Lynn in "The Philadelphia Story." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 29-Sept. 3: Kenny Delmar in "Texas, Li'l Darlin'." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

WOODSTOCK—Through Sunday, Aug. 28: "Country Matters," a new play. Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4: "Arms and the Man." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Sundays at 2:45.)

NOTE—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival will

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

Ruth Page and others on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 26-27, and by Ruth St. Denis and others on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 2-3. (Lee, Mass. All at 4 and 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Garden, airy as an Alp but so sunken it's halfway to China, offers Jules Lande's dance orchestra. No music Sundays.

ASTOR ROOF, Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000)—Dancing indoors to Xavier Cugat, whose north-of-the-border music is as good as his south-of-the-border specialties are, plus Bill McCune's band. Outdoors, there's a promenade for strollers. Closed Sundays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—On the Cascades Roof, dinner and supper dance music, every night but Sunday, by Harold Nagel's and Don Bestor's bands.

CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Coleman Hawkins' celebrated band and Dorothy Donegan's tempestuous piano to keep the clients alert. Cliff Jackson plays interlude piano. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—There are definite signs of life around here now, among them W. C. Handy, Jay Marshall, and some appetizing ballet girls. Dance music by Billy Banks' band.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Top-level pomp and circumstance for those who take it seriously. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, Stanley Worth's orchestra makes modest noises every afternoon for tea dancing, and later on during dinner and supper.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous Room, a pretty throwback to the "Merry Widow" days, hums to the lively dance music of Nicolas Matthey's and Payson Ré's orchestras after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof, still one of Manhattan's plushiest summer resorts, has Milt Shaw's and Pepito Arvelo's rambling orchestras for dancing all evening. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—In the Café Lounge, Irving Conn's orchestra plays dance music every afternoon and evening.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Those bright college years seem never to draw to a close here. An orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (RH 4-4700)—An easy cure for summer claustrophobia is the open-air court, which offers dancing as well as inner nourishment.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The coolest château in town, where Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band supply dance music, and Jon and Sondra Steele turn out a few songs after nine.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—On the Starlight Roof, Freddy Martin's band provides pleasant music every evening but Sunday. On Thursday, Sept. 1, Jack Fina's orchestra moves in for a stay. Mischa Borr's industrious virtuosos assist after the dinner hour and go it alone on Sundays, when curfew is at ten o'clock.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Les Crosley, who is among our leading modernist piano men, at cocktails, at dinner, and at supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, one of the founding fathers of night life, is now operating his amiable grin and band in here, from eight-thirty on. Ernie Warren is the solo pianist. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano and violin music, after nine-thirty, for a clientele as glittery as the striped upholstery. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Rudy Barron's violin from dinnertime on, every evening but Monday, and Marshall Grant's trio after ten, every night but Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): What might be called Latin-American jump, along with dancing to match by both cast and customers. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Louise Howard, holding an all-seeing mirror up to the genus night-club singer. Harold Fonville and Bob Downey dish out tandem piano music. There are Rudolph Valentino movies on Sunday nights. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Look north and the Park is at your feet; look south and Eve Young sings amiably for you. William Tabbert, the "South Pacific" balladier, will return on Tuesday, Aug. 30. Kurt Maier at the piano. All quiet Sundays. . . . **NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this stirring example of Christmas-package décor, Harry Meyerowitz plays cocktail piano, and (except Tuesdays) Rudy Timfield plays dinner and supper piano. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2800): Cy Coleman's piano études embellish the café bar every evening except Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Mindy Carson, a thrush who's coming up fast in the world, heads the summer show, which is sometimes barely perceptible. Dancing. . . . **RIVIERA**, Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): Harry Richman, who has already outlived a number of his imitators, in his old form. Also, Martha Raye, showgirls, dance bands, potato-sack races, horseshoe pitching, and other Jersey pastimes.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): From dinner until milkman time, Eadie and Rack's brilliant piano duets in the cozy candlelit lounge. Closed Sundays and for six days starting Saturday, Sept. 3. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): In this mountain fastness, Mme. Spivy unleashes her well-known bedtime ditties, and Mabel Mercer chimes in with some of her special Alec Wilder songs. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mary Lou Williams, in a new mood (bebop), plays some remarkable non-representational piano; J. C. Heard's trio takes care of the more extrovert auditors. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): The

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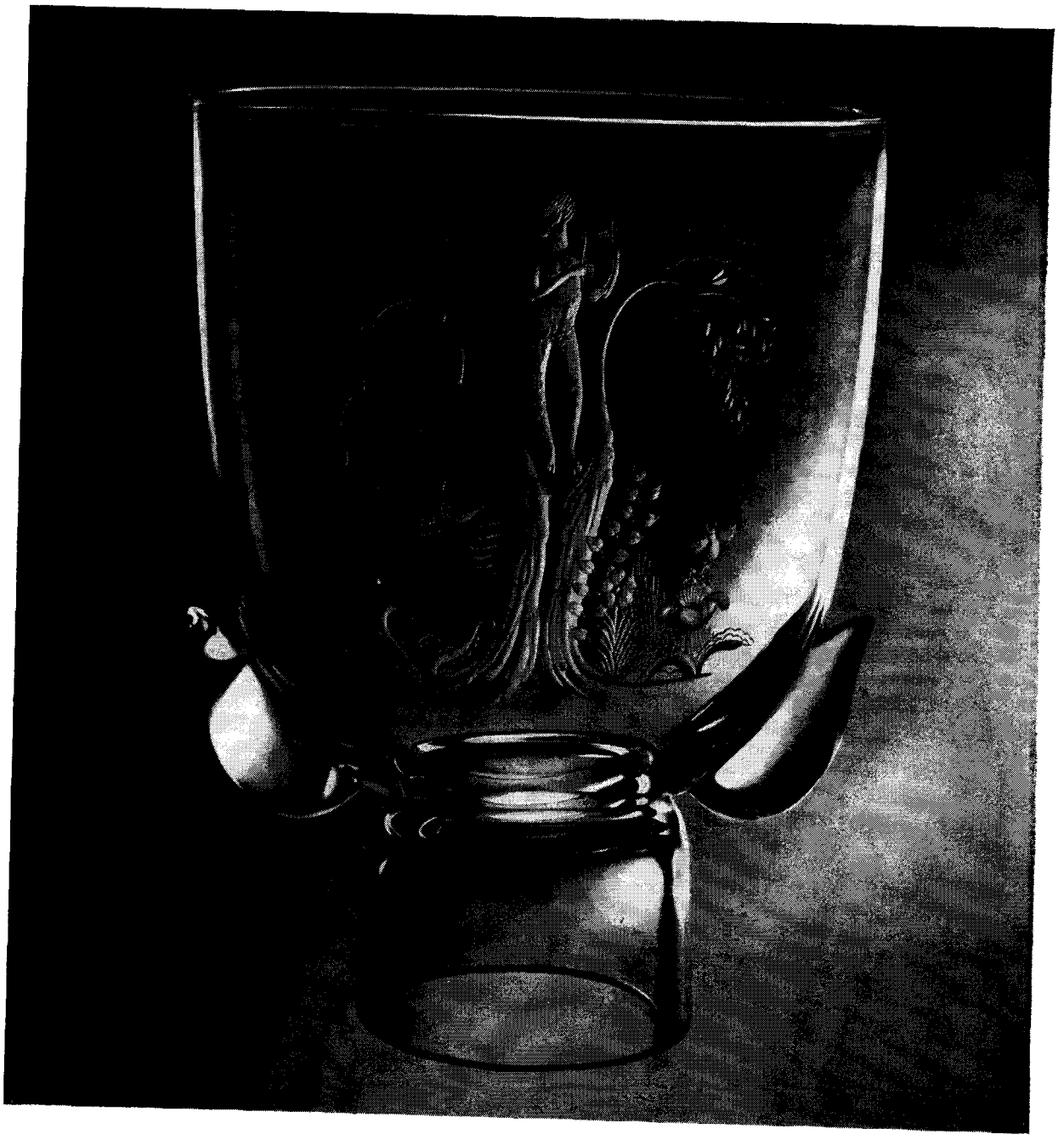

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Peanuts Hucko, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, and other hotheads. Ralph Sutton contributes some instructive ten-finger exercises. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by eager-beaver visitors. Closed Sundays.... NICK'S, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five, complete with the trappings, and traps (such as cowbells), of another day, are at work in this bustling boiler factory. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): A venerable store front that offers the legendary Sidney Bechet, directing his quartet, of which Kansas Fields, Sammy Price, and Big Chief Russell Moore are members in good standing. Don Frye plays piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights. Dancing.... CHILDS PARAMOUNT, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Wilbur de Paris's dance band, which includes Sidney de Paris, turning out, between the apparently compulsory rumbas, some inventive variations on Lenox Avenue harmonics. Supper dancing only, and no music on Mondays.... RIVIERA LOUNGE, Seventh Ave. at 4th St. (WA 9-9663): After ten every evening but Monday, Willie the Lion Smith, who can treat a Steinway in a nice, dishevelled manner. Mondays through Fridays, Art Hodes is around. Tony Parenti, Frank Orchard, and Herb Ward assist them from time to time. ... BOP CITY, 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): Louis Armstrong, upholding the traditions of jazz as it was in the beginning. Among his able disciples are Jack Teagarden, Earl Hines, Barney Bigard, and Cozy Cole. George Shearing's quintet is also on hand to provide some first-class bebop counterpoint. Closed Mondays.... THREE DEUCES, 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Errol Garner, quite a stranger in these parts, is animating the churlish piano provided for him by this tiny smokehouse.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): In the Café Rouge, Henry Busse's orchestra. Closed Sundays.... ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Nat Brandwynne's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

IN THE COUNTRY

DANCING—GLEN ISLAND CASINO, New Rochelle, N.Y. (New Rochelle 6-6500): Steve Kisely's band; closed Mondays.... CHANTICLER, Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Maximillian Bergere's orchestra; closed Mondays.... BOWDEN SQUARE, Southampton, L.I. (Southampton 788): The Sonny Kendis Trio every night but Tuesday.

DINNER—Places to dine (without dancing, unless noted) while out motoring—BETHPAGE, L.I.: Beau Sejour (Hicksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays.... CLOSTER, N.J.: Closter Manor (Closter 5-0277); closed Mondays. ... COLD SPRING HARBOR, L.I.: The Moorings (Cold Spring Harbor 998); Harold Cooke at the piano, except Mondays.... CONGERS, N.Y.: Jean's (Congers 378); closed Mondays. ... CROTON FALLS, N.Y.: Massé's (Croton Falls 960); closed Tuesdays.... DANBURY, CONN.: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 2667). ... DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.: Old Drovers' Inn (Dover Plains 2781).... EAST HAMPTON, L.I.: Sea Spray Inn (East Hampton 475).... EAST NORWICH, L.I.: Rothmann's (Oyster Bay 6-0266).... FISHKILL, N.Y.: Boni's Inn (Beacon 167).... ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 979).... GARRISON, N.Y.: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 342); closed Tuesdays.... GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.: Swan Club (Roslyn 3-0037); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings; closed Mondays.... HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.: Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150); dancing on Saturday evenings.... ¶ Cruiser Club (Hampton Bays 342).... HARTSDALE, N.Y.: Tordo's (White Plains 8-0597).... MAMARONECK, N.Y.: Le Postillon (Mamaroneck 0-5048); closed Mondays.... MANHASSET, L.I.: Mori's (Manhasset 1842); closed Tuesdays.... NEW HOPE, PA.: Tow-Path House (New Hope 3784).... NORWALK, CONN.: Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044); dancing on Saturday eve-

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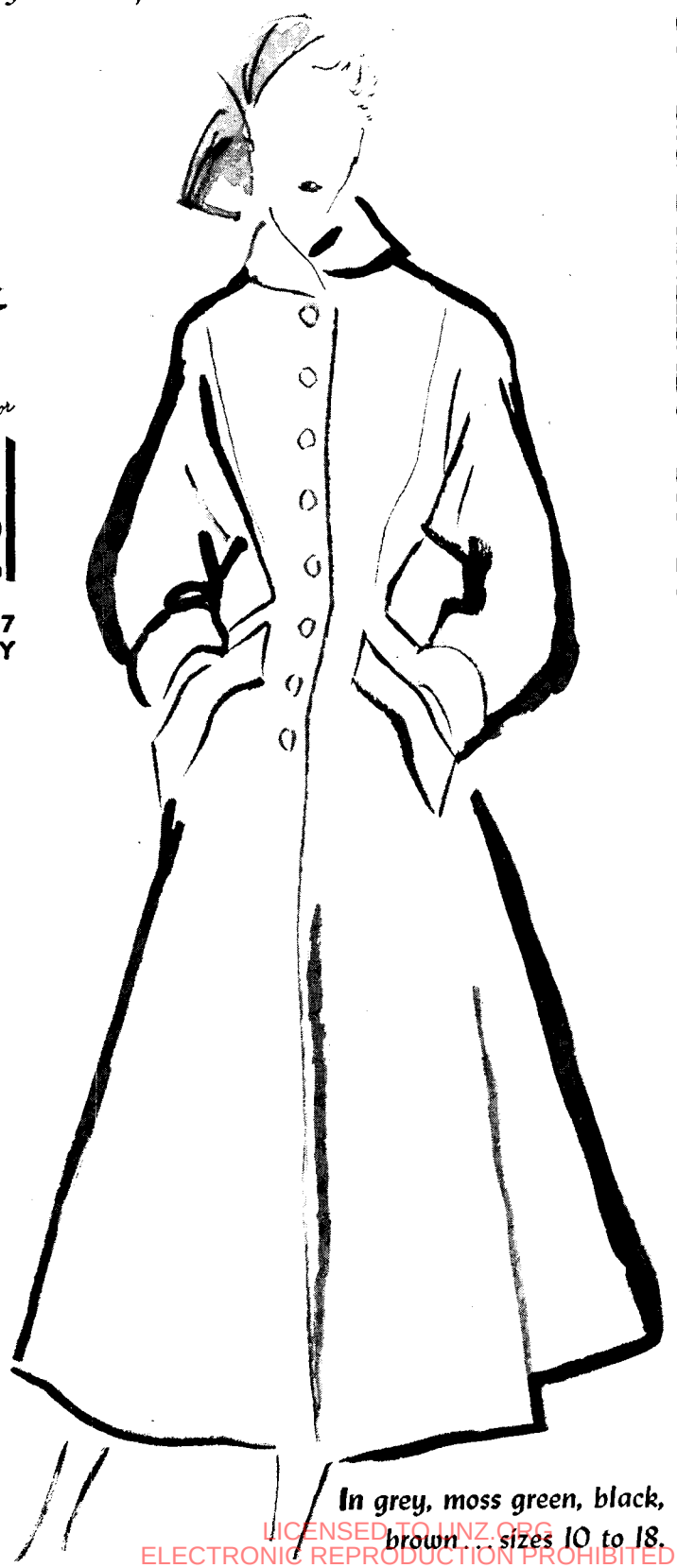

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

6-2588). . . . ¶ Jolly Fisherman (Norwalk 8-3246). . . . POUNDRIDGE, N.Y.: Emily Shaw's Inn (Bedford Village 9371); closed Mondays. . . . RIDGEFIELD, CONN.: Hearthstone Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 1120). . . . ¶ Stonehenge (Ridgefield 232). . . . ROSLYN, L.I.: Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn 3-0253); closed Mondays. . . . SMITHTOWN, L.I.: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.: Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays. . . . SYOSSET, L.I.: Villa Victor (Syosset 6-1706). . . . ¶ Stockholm (Syosset 6-1798); closed Mondays. . . . TARRYTOWN, N.Y.: Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . WAPPINGERS FALLS, N.Y.: Wendover Farms (Poughkeepsie 8100); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . WESTBURY, L.I.: Westbury Manor (Westbury 7-0839). . . . WESTHAMPTON BEACH, L.I.: Dune Deck (Westhampton 1400). . . . WESTON, CONN.: Cobb's Mill Inn (Westport 2-4330); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . WESTPORT, CONN.: Red Barn (Westport 2-3971). . . . YORKTOWN HEIGHTS, N.Y.: Croton Heights Inn (Yorktown Heights 490); closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries in the city open around 10 and close between 5 and 6 Mondays through Fridays.)

GALLERIES

GROUP SHOWS—At the SERIGRAPH, 38 W. 57th St.: A large, diverse collection of silk-screen prints, sensitively executed; through Sept. 16. . . . BABCOCK, 38 E. 57th St.: A show combining the work of a number of noteworthy American painters of several decades ago—Albert P. Ryder, Ralph Blakelock, and George Luks among them—with that of some contemporary artists, including Jean Liberte and Sol Wilson; through Sept. 9. . . . SALPETER, 36 W. 56th St.: Some small pictures, uneven in quality, by the gallery's painters. Weekdays, noon to 6; through Sept. 10. . . . LEVITT, 16 W. 57th St.: Oils and water colors by Virginia Berresford, Everett Spruce, and others; through Aug. 31. . . . CARLEBACH, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.: A show containing works by Matisse, Renoir, and Picasso, among others. Weekdays; through Sept. 3. . . . ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Paintings by members of the gallery; through Sept. 3.

IN THE COUNTRY—At the NORTH SHORE ARTS ASSOCIATION, Gloucester, Mass.: Twenty-seventh annual show. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30. . . . OGUNQUIT ART ASSOCIATION, Ogunquit, Maine: Members' group show. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sunday, 1 to 5:30; through Aug. 31. . . . ROCKPORT ART ASSOCIATION, Rockport, Mass.: Twenty-ninth annual exhibition. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 3 to 7. . . . PARRISH MUSEUM, Southampton, L.I.: Group show by artists living on eastern Long Island. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Thursdays, 8 to 10; Sundays, 3 to 5; and Mondays, 2 to 5. . . . GUILD HALL, East Hampton, L.I.: Oils and water colors by members of the Guild Hall gallery. Weekdays, 10 to 5 and 8:30 to 10:30; Sundays, 3 to 6. . . . MYSTIC ART ASSOCIATION, Mystic, Conn.: Twenty-fifth annual exhibition. Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5. . . . BERKSHIRE ART CENTER, Canaan, N.Y.: An exhibition by contemporary artists, including Sol Wilson, Joseph DeMartini, and Ogden Pleissner. Daily, 3 to 6. . . . WOODSTOCK ARTISTS ASSOCIATION, Woodstock, N.Y.: Group show. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 9; and Sundays, 11 to 4. . . . ADDISON GALLERY OF AMERICAN ART, Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.: A hundred and seventeen paintings by art students throughout the country. Weekdays, 9 to 5; Sundays, 2:30 to 5.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan show of French Impressionist paintings and other works. Wednesdays through Sundays; through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ A fairly jumbled but quite entertaining exhibition tracing the classic influence in art from early Greek times to Picasso. (Weekdays, 10 to 5;

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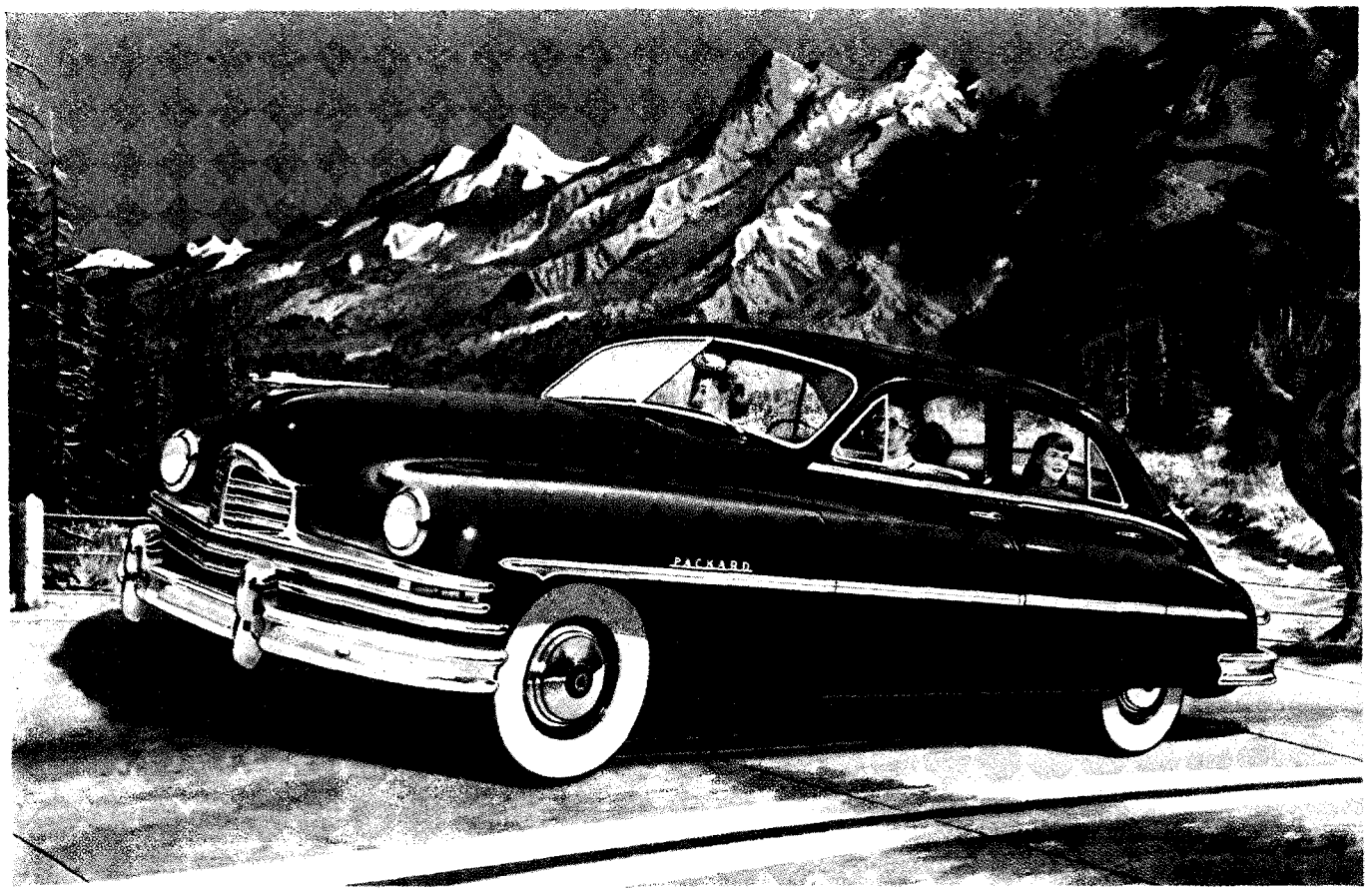

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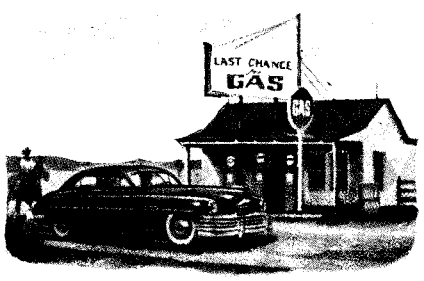

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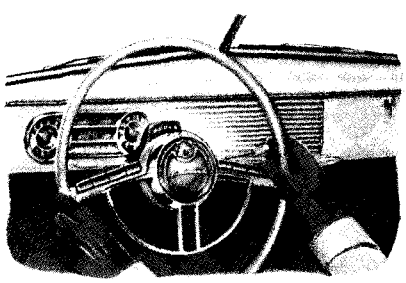

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ At the Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park, a major fraction of the Nine Heroes tapestries is now on display as part of the permanent collection. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and prints by the Austrian Expressionist Oskar Kokoschka; through Oct. 4. . . . ¶ A large and practically definitive show of twentieth-century Italian art, from the early Futurists down to the present time. It includes works by a number of young postwar artists not generally known here. Through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ A collection of prints by Gauguin, Vuillard, and Bonnard, many of them in color; through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ In the Museum garden, a one-family house, designed by Marcel Breuer; through October 30. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

MUSIC

OPERA—The LEMONADE OPERA: Haydn's "The Man in the Moon," in English; through Saturday, Aug. 27. . . . ¶ The first performances in America of Mendelssohn's "The Stranger," along with Kurt Weill's "Down in the Valley," both in English, starting Tuesday, Aug. 30. (Greenwich Mews Playhouse, 141 W. 13th St. CH 2-9360. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . SALMAGGI OPERA—Final performances of the season—"La Traviata," Saturday, Aug. 27. . . . ¶ "Madame Butterfly," Saturday, Sept. 3. (Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island. Both at 8:45. For tickets, call CI 7-6347.)

IN THE COUNTRY—The Berkshire Quartet, in a series of chamber-music concerts. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Friday, Aug. 26, at 3, and Sunday, Aug. 28, at 4.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. St. Louis, Thursday, Aug. 25, at 8:30; Friday, Aug. 26, at 2:30; and Saturday, Aug. 27, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Giants vs. Cincinnati, Sunday, Aug. 28, at 2:05 (doubleheader), and Monday, Aug. 29, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Dodgers, Friday, Sept. 2, at 8:30, and Saturday, Sept. 3, at 2:30. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Chicago, Thursday, Aug. 25, at 1:30; Friday, Aug. 26, at 8:30; and Saturday, Aug. 27, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Sunday, Aug. 28, at 2:05; Monday, Aug. 29, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Aug. 30, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Wednesday, Aug. 31, at 8:30, and Thursday, Sept. 1, at 1:30.

FOOTBALL—Eastern College All-Stars vs. New York Giants, for the benefit of the *Herald Tribune* Fresh Air Fund. (Polo Grounds, Thursday, Sept. 1, at 8:30.)

GOLF—U.S.G.A. Amateur Championship. (Oak Hill Country Club, Pittsford, N.Y. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 29-Sept. 3.)

HORSE SHOWS—Brookville Horse Show. (Brookville. Sunday, Aug. 28.) . . . ¶ Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday through Monday, Sept. 3-5.)

POLO—The first match in the National Open Polo Championship. (Meadow Brook Club, Westbury. Sunday, Aug. 28, at 3:30.)

RACING—At SARATOGA SPRINGS: Weekdays at 2:30; through Saturday, Aug. 27. The Saratoga Cup, Thursday, Aug. 25, and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 27. . . . AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:15, starting Monday, Aug. 29. The Bay Shore Handicap, Monday, Aug. 29; the Astarita, Wednesday, Aug. 31; and the Aqueduct Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 3. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11:10 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:47 and 1:25.)

TENNIS—West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills—Davis Cup Matches, United States vs. Australia, Friday through Sunday, Aug. 26-28. . . . ¶ National Amateur Singles Championships. Monday, Aug. 29, through Monday, Sept. 5. (Tickets may be obtained at Spalding's, 518 Fifth Ave., at 43rd St.; the

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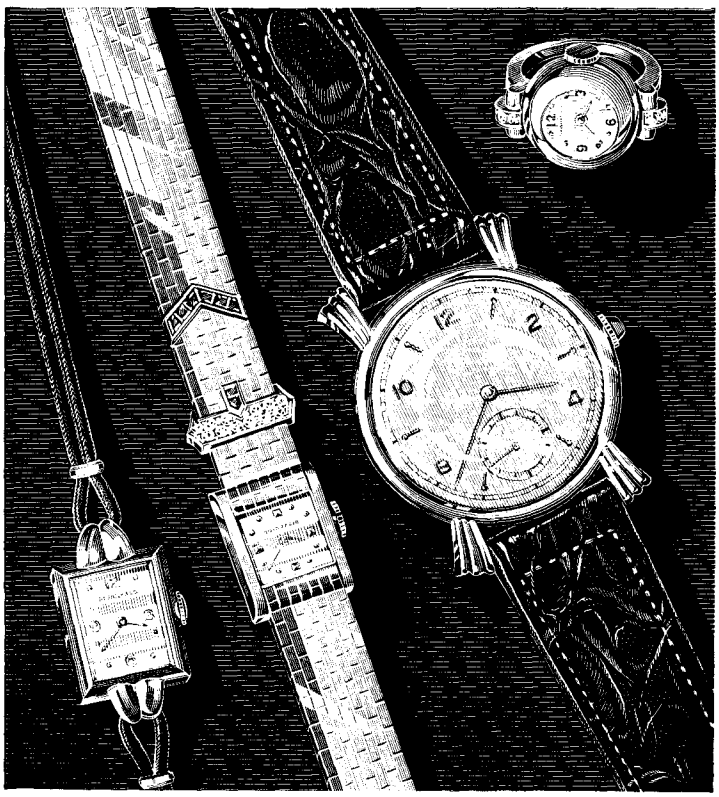

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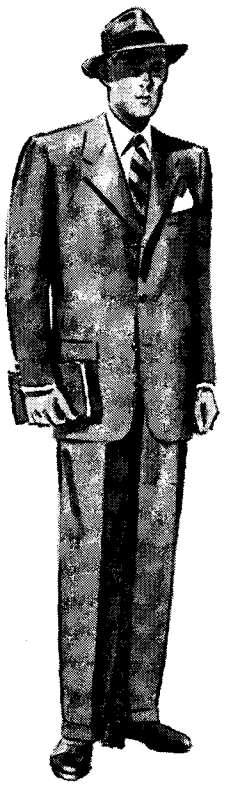

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

U.S.L.T.A., 120 Broadway; and the West Side Tennis Club.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40. (Special trains leave Penn Station Mondays through Thursdays at 7:03 P.M., and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49 P.M. and 7:03 P.M.) . . . SARATOGA SPRINGS: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 27.

YACHTING—Quincy Yacht Club Regatta. (Quincy, Mass. Sunday, Aug. 28.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—At Lake Success, about five hundred visitors are admitted, Mondays through Fridays, to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and to the committee meetings of the Scientific Conference on Conservation and Utilization of Resources. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success.

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The current show is called "The End of the World." Starting on Thursday, Sept. 1, there will be a new show, "Time by the Stars." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

TRANSATLANTIC LINERS—Queen Mary: Arrives Thursday, Aug. 25; sails Saturday, Aug. 27, at noon. . . . ¶ Parthia: Arrives Sunday, Aug. 28; sails Friday, Sept. 2, at 3:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Caronia: Arrives Monday, Aug. 29; sails Thursday, Sept. 1, at 11 A.M. . . . ¶ America: Arrives Wednesday, Aug. 31; sails Saturday, Sept. 3, at noon. . . . ¶ Queen Elizabeth: Arrives Thursday, Sept. 1; sails Saturday, Sept. 3, at midnight. . . . ¶ Nieuw Amsterdam: Arrives Friday, Sept. 2. . . . ¶ Washington: Arrives Friday, Sept. 2. . . . ¶ Britannic: Arrives Saturday, Sept. 3.

ON THE AIR

(Since programs are often changed at the last minute, the newspapers should be consulted as final authority.)

RADIO

MUSIC—C.B.S. Symphony, Bernard Herrmann conducting, Sunday, Aug. 28, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Regina Resnik, soprano, Sunday, Aug. 28, at 7:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Antal Dorati conducting, with Eileen Farrell, soprano, Sunday, Aug. 28, at 8:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Eleanor Steber, soprano, Monday, Aug. 29, at 8:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Licia Albanese, soprano, Monday, Aug. 29, at 9 P.M., WNBC.

DRAMA—Charles Boyer and Gale Storm in "Appointment for Love," Friday, Aug. 26, at 9 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ David Niven in an adaptation of George Orwell's "Nineteen Eighty-Four," Saturday, Aug. 27, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Raymond Massey in "Wire from the West," Tuesday, Aug. 30, at 8 P.M., WNBC.

SPORTS—Tennis: Davis Cup Matches, United States vs. Australia, at Forest Hills, Friday through Sunday, Aug. 26-28, at 3 P.M., WQXR.

TELEVISION

DRAMA—Nina Foch in "Three Cornered Moon," Sunday, Aug. 28, at 9 P.M., WNBT.

SPORTS—Baseball: All home games of the Giants are shown on WPIX, and of the Dodgers on WCBS-TV. (Dodgers' night games are also shown on WOR-TV.) . . . ¶ Tennis: Davis Cup Matches, United States vs. Australia, at Forest Hills, Friday and Sunday, Aug. 26 and 28, at 2 P.M., and Saturday, Aug. 27, at 2:30 P.M., WNBT.

MISCELLANY—The seventeenth installment of the film of General Eisenhower's book "Crusade in Europe," Thursday, Aug. 25, at 9 P.M., WJZ-TV. . . . ¶ Eddie Condon, with Louis Armstrong, Jack Teagarden, Pee Wee Russell, and others, Saturday, Aug. 27, at 9:30 [illegible] WNBT

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

The Barkleys of Broadway—The story is remarkably sodden, but the singing and dancing bring Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers together again. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Aug. 26.... ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; starting Aug. 30.)

Champion—A loose rewrite of the Ring Lardner story about a man who is a hell of a good boxer but a terrible heel. It contains some furious brawling, and Kirk Douglas makes a believable Midge Kelly. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; Aug. 25.)

Devil in the Flesh—A fine French film that deals sensitively and tolerantly with an adolescent boy's affair with an older woman. Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Hamlet—Sir Laurence Olivier and William Shakespeare in fruitful collaboration. An English picture. Winner of the 1949 Oscar Award. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturday and Sunday afternoons at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

It Happens Every Spring—A nonsensical but engaging baseball fable. Paul Douglas plays a humorous big-league catcher, and Ray Milland is very helpful as his battery-mate. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; through Aug. 26.)

Quartet—An English film made up of four episodes based on a group of Somerset Maugham stories. A couple of the tales add up to pleasant diversion, and the cast is first-class. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520.)

The Red Shoes—A lengthy British job dealing with dancers. Its chief distinction is a striking ballet, based on the Hans Christian Andersen fairy tale. With Moira Shearer, Leonide Massine, and Ludmilla Tcherina. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturday and Sunday afternoons at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Some of the Best—Forty minutes of excerpts from a lot of famous movies, new and old, ranging from "Ben Hur" and "The Big Parade" to "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "Mrs. Miniver." The idea is to mark some kind of an anniversary. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; and Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th, WA 7-5200; starting Aug. 31.)

Sorrowful Jones—Bob Hope in a pretty consistently funny remake of "Little Miss Marker," the film that introduced Shirley Temple in 1934. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; through Aug. 26.... ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Aug. 27.... ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Aug. 31.)

REVIVALS

The Brothers (1948)—Illicit whiskey distillers on a Scottish island. An English picture, with Patricia Roc and Maxwell Reed. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Aug. 29-31.)

Caesar and Cleopatra (1946)—G. B. Shaw's conception of the conqueror. An English film, with Claude Rains and Vivien Leigh. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; Aug. 27-29.)

Crime Without Passion (1934)—The Hecht-MacArthur film of night life and murder. Claude Rains. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; and 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438.)

Great Expectations (1947)—The Dickens story. An English picture, with Valerie Hobson and John Mills. (Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd, MU 7-8723; starting Aug. 31.)

Key Largo (1948)—An adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play, with Humphrey Bogart and Edward G. Robinson. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Aug. 30.)

Mourning Becomes Electra (1947)—Rosalind Russell and Katina Paxinou in the O'Neill melodrama. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; starting Aug. 31.)

Never Give a Sucker an Even Break (1941)—W. C. Fields doing his best as a kindly uncle. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295.)

Pygmalion (1938)—The G.B.S. business. A British film, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 26-27.)

Room Service (1938)—The Broadway play, tailored to fit the Marx Brothers. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Aug. 27.)

A Royal Scandal (1945)—Tallulah Bankhead as Catherine, Empress of All the Russias. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746; through Aug. 31.)

The Scoundrel (1935)—Noel Coward, Julie Haydon, and Alexander Woollcott in the Hecht-MacArthur legend of a phantom publisher. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; and 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438.)

Stand-In (1937)—A satire on Hollywood, with Joan Blondell and Leslie Howard. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Aug. 27.)

Symphonie Pastorale (1948)—Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar in an adaptation of the André Gide story. A French picture. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

When Tomorrow Comes (1939)—Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer mixed up with labor problems and hurricanes. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Aug. 28-29.... ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Aug. 29-31.... ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Aug. 30.... ¶ 77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; starting Aug. 31.)

The Wizard of Oz (1939)—Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, and the Singer Midgets, in Technicolor. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; and Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th, WA 7-5200; through Aug. 30.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—Circus life, with W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, and Charlie McCarthy. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Aug. 28: "Olympia" Part II (1939), directed by Leni Riefenstahl.... ¶ Starting Aug. 29: "The River" (1937), a documentary with music by Virgil Thomson; and "The City" (1939), a documentary with music by Aaron Copland. Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only if applied for in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.

Note: "Marius," "Fanny," and "César," the three full-length films that make up Marcel Pagnol's ten-year-old trilogy about Marseille and some of its raffish inhabitants, are being shown together as a triple feature at the Thalia (B'way at 95th; AC 2-3370), through Aug. 29. In French, with Raimu, Pierre Fresnay, and Orane Démazis.

• • •

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
"Lost Boundaries," Beatrice Pearson, Mel Ferrer.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"Madame Bovary," Jennifer Jones, Van Heflin.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"Sword in the Desert," Dana Andrews, Marta Toren.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through Aug. 26: "Siren of Atlantis," Maria Montez, Jean Pierre Aumont.
From Aug. 27: To be announced.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Too Late for Tears," Lizabeth Scott, Dan Duryea.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"In the Good Old Summer Time," Judy Garland, Van Johnson.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Aug. 31: "Red Stallion in the Rockies," Arthur Franz.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
Through Aug. 30: "Rope of Sand," Burt Lancaster, Paul Henreid.
From Aug. 31: "Top o' the Morning," Bing

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Come to the Stable," Loretta Young, Celeste Holm.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Aug. 25: "Slattery's Hurricane," Richard Widmark, Linda Darnell.
From Aug. 26: "I Was a Male War Bride," Cary Grant, Ann Sheridan.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Jolson Sings Again," Larry Parks, Barbara Hale.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Aug. 25: "It's a Great Feeling," Dennis Morgan, Doris Day. (Theatre will be closed Aug. 26-Sept. 1.)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Window," Barbara Hale.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN, revival; and NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK, revival.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd. (MU 7-8723)
Through Aug. 27: "Mother Wore Tights," revival, Betty Grable.
Aug. 28-30: "The Paradine Case," revival, Gregory Peck, Ann Todd.
[illegible] Aug. 31: GREAT EXPECTATIONS, revival.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)
CRIME WITHOUT PASSION, revival; and THE SCOUNDREL, revival.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
CRIME WITHOUT PASSION, revival; and THE SCOUNDREL, revival.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
"The Girl in the Painting," Mai Zetterling, Robert Beatty.

Little Cinémet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
"The Life and Loves of Rossini" (in Italian), revival; and "Maria Malibran" (in Italian), revival.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DEVIL IN THE FLESH; and "A Visit with Maillol," short documentary film.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
HAMLET.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
QUARTET.

Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
Through Aug. 31: A ROYAL SCANDAL, revival.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through Aug. 28: "Somewhere in Berlin" (in German).
From Aug. 29: "Dolwyn," Emlyn Williams, Dame Edith Evans.

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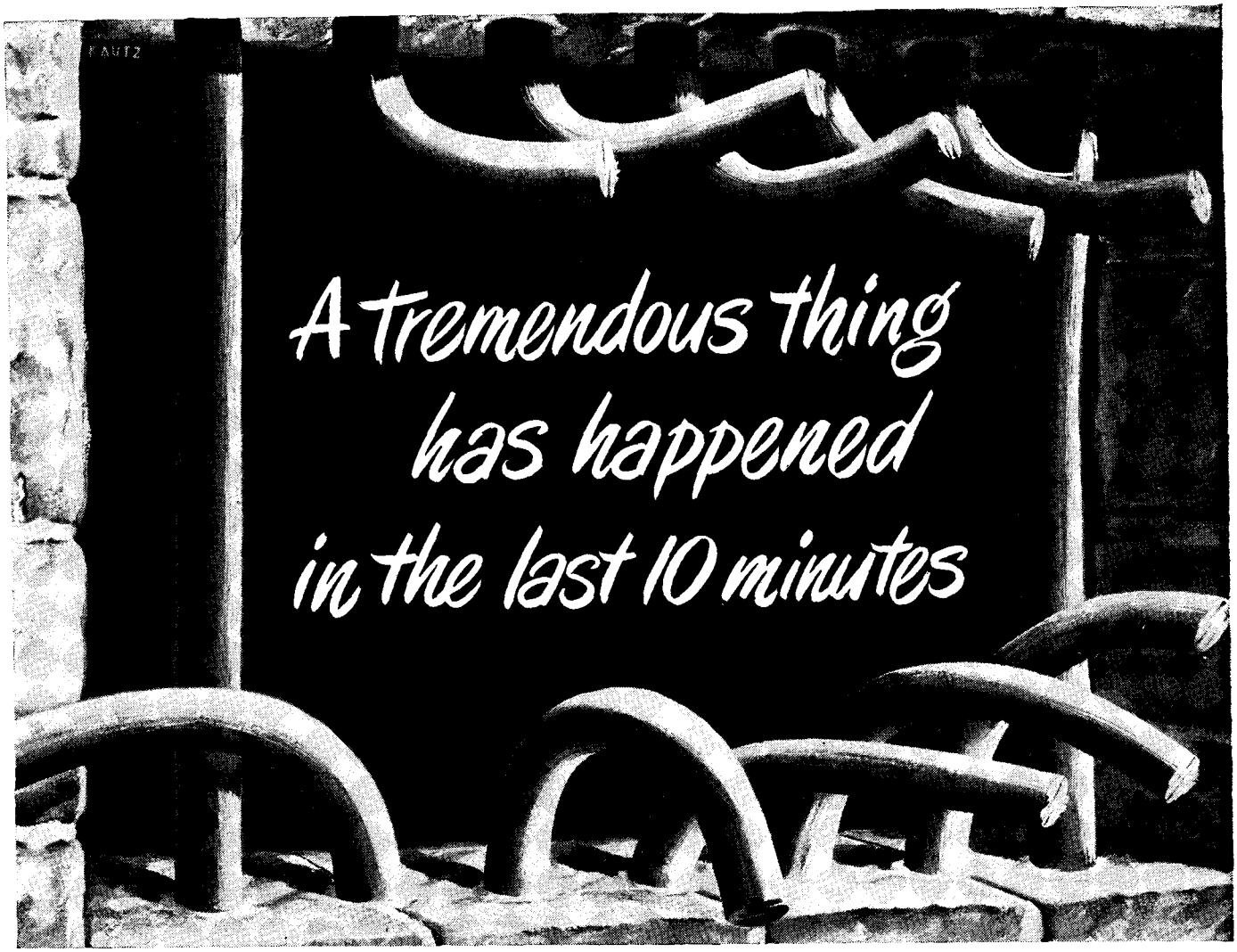

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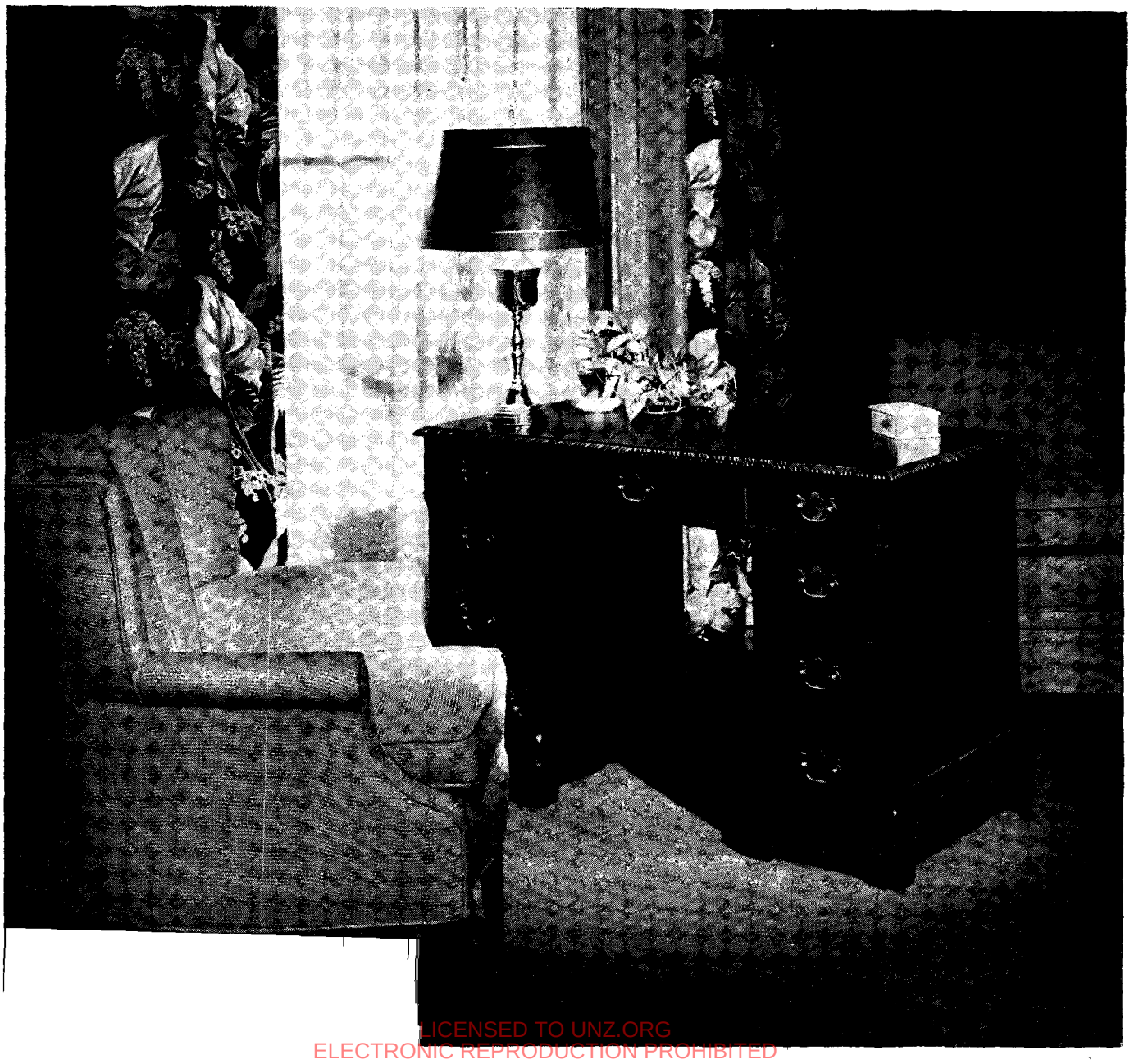

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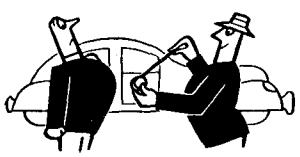
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AFTER nine years of driving one car and reading how much better and roomier the new ones were each year, we set out the other day to swap our 1941 coupé for a new one—same make, same model. In preparation for this brilliant occasion, we took two precautionary steps. We Simonized our buggy; then we found a tape measure, measured the old car thoroughly inside and out, made careful notes, and stuffed the tape measure in our pocket. We arrived at the dealer's (by appointment) and parked under an elm. The dealer immediately produced a 1949 car—same make, same model—and the game was on. When he caught the ugly flash of a tape measure, he stiffened and became sulky, as though he were being subjected to an indecency. Without going into tedious details, we can report that in cold, hard inches our 1941 car had the 1949 car licked—more headroom, more legroom, and more luggage space (a cool five inches here, or the difference between getting our wife's hatbox in and not getting it in). The only greater dimension the 1949 car had was width. It was wider throughout. This still didn't take care of the hatbox, though, or of our legs, or of our fedora. Anyway, we examined the car (and the situation) from every angle, put the tape measure back in our pocket, moved gradually toward the luminous old 1941 buggy under the elm, got in, and drove home—a smooth, effortless ride that set us ahead in life's race by about seventeen hundred dollars, which was what the dealer wanted us to give him in addition to our (bigger, roomier) 1941 car.



In fairness to the automobile industry (to which we try ever to be fair), we should report that the 1949 car had a larger rear window than ours, and that it was a little easier for the driver to hang his left arm out the front window than in our car. The 1949 car was also newer.

WE see by the paper that Buick designers have decided to bring the grille out ahead of the bumper. This is called the "fresh new front-end treatment," and is revealing in that it illustrates how motorcar design works. Nobody has ever known what grilles were for, exactly. They added splendor, and were an expense, but that's about all. Now, however, the grille, by sheer personal magnetism, is actually acquiring a function. It has crept out over the bumper like some unruly shrub and from now on it's going to take the buck in bumping—or what Buick calls absorbing "all normal impact." Good luck to it! And may it grow stronger, and duller.

Happy House

ONE of our confreres, who has forsaken his local beat for a few giddy weeks on the French Riviera, has sent in a report of a call he made on Somerset Maugham at Villa Mauresque, the Maugham home on Cap Ferrat. He found both the villa and its master cool and tastefully appointed—the one with a marble staircase, a tiled patio, eighteenth-century paintings of scenes from the theatre, and a tremendous gold eagle surmounting a living-room chimney piece, the other in white ducks, espadrilles, and a light-blue Riviera shirt. Maugham told our colleague that the Germans had left the house nice and a total ruin, its floor thick with dust and broken glass, and that it had taken him until now to put the place to rights. Fortunately, he had stored a good many things. Everything that he had left in the house was gone, to the last frying pan and the last plate. Maugham bought the villa and twelve cypressed acres surrounding it in 1928, from a Catholic bishop who spent most of his time in Algeria. "It had a great cupola over it, and other horrors," he recalled, "but I said to myself, and possibly to my architect, 'This is only lath and plaster, so I will scrape it all off,' and, as you see, I have got an absolutely plain, functional piece of architecture, which is what I wanted originally."

Our associate admired a painting of a couple of Louis XIV blackamoors, and a portrait of Shylock, and Maugham told him he has promised to give all his theatrical pictures, which were collected over a period of forty years and number several score, to the new National Theatre now being built in London. "They'll go there in a year or two, and I'll replace them with French paintings," he said. "This place is wonderfully quiet, yet I can drive to Nice or Monte Carlo in a quarter of an hour, and I can get in my car in the morning and be in Florence by night." On motoring trips, Maugham travels in a Buick that his publisher, the late Nelson Doubleday, arranged to have sent to him. For household errands, his staff, which includes a male secretary, a chauffeur, and two menservants, uses a Citroën.

Maugham provided our associate with a rum cocktail and informed him that he breakfasts at eight, reads, smokes a pipe, and walks around his garden for an hour or two, and then writes until twelve. After that, he swims in or lounges around his swimming pool until twelve-forty-five, which is pre-lunch cocktail time. In the afternoon, he naps, walks, bathes in the Mediterranean, reads, and chats. "Evenings, I play pa-

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tience and read in bed," he said, "or have guests in and entertain them with light conversation. I used to work all morning, but now I'm no longer a professional author—I've given up writing plays and novels—and I take more time off." He is, however, writing some essays, which he plans to present in a book. Several people entered the room, and Maugham introduced them as his son-in-law and daughter, Lord and Lady John Hope, the former a British M.P., whose father, the Marquis of Linlithgow, was once Viceroy of India; two grandchildren, Nicholas and Camilla, aged eleven and eight; and his secretary, Mr. Searle. All presently adjourned to a dining room containing a Renoir, a Rouault, a Pissarro, a Utrillo, and a five-course lunch, including chicken. Maugham jocularly remarked to Camilla that he hadn't been financially in a position to eat the white meat of this bird until he was thirty. Camilla smiled incredulously. Subsequently, Mr. Searle took our associate on a tour of the house, during which he discovered that Maugham sleeps under mosquito netting and shaves while bathing, with the aid of a glass tray that extends across his tub. Maugham's writing room is on the roof and contains many shelves of books and a Spanish altarpiece, and has two small windows, separated by a painted glass door. Gauguin did the painting, and the door used to be on his house in Tahiti. Searle said the room formerly had a big window, too, but Maugham found the view distracting and had it replaced by wall. Our associate dropped downstairs to take his leave and learned that his host plans to spend the fall and early winter in Spain, Portugal, Paris, and London, getting back to Cap Ferrat by Christmas. "In March, the garden is a blaze of glory," Maugham said. "When the flowers begin to fade, I shall start for Morocco. I'm a wandering person—I don't care to stay anywhere more than three months. When I wrote novels, I was imprisoned, but now that I'm a very old party and no longer write novels I go where I like." He showed our associate to the door and called his attention to an object above it, a kind of stylization of the human hand, explaining that this symbol is thought in Africa to ward off the evil eye. "It seems to work," said Maugham. "This has been an extremely happy house."

"But please, Mr. Montague, try to think back to that day, only a few short years ago, when you were in my office, on your knees like this, pleading for just a few dozen gross assorted men's shirts."

Short Cut

AT a busy moment in the Thirty-fourth Street B.-M.T. station last Friday, a lady standing before the change booth received five dimes for a half dollar and dropped them all. A young man at the tail end of the line rushed up, retrieved the fallen coins, and handed the lady four dimes and two nickels. He then used the fifth dime to get through a turnstile.

Search

A COUPLE of weeks ago, we gave an account of the Sniffer Geiger Counter, which Abercrombie & Fitch have put on sale for the benefit of sportsmen who want to take up uranium prospecting as a sideline. Now we've delved deeper into the subject and have discovered that a uranium hunt of detectable proportions is under way throughout the country, and that while most of the professional uranium prospectors ap-

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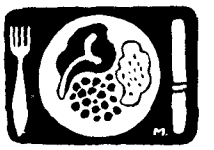
pear to be poking about in the plateau and mountain regions of the West, plenty of prospectors, amateur and professional, are currently clambering up schist and down shale within a hundred miles of here, even though coastal regions are the least likely sources of uranium. Back in May, the Atomic Energy Commission and the Geological Survey jointly published a booklet entitled "Prospecting for Uranium," which is sold by the Government Printing Office for thirty cents a copy, and such is the public interest in the ore that this handy little primer has been a runaway best-seller from the start. Over sixteen thousand copies have been sold to date, not counting six thousand copies the A.E.C. ordered for distribution on its own hook, and the Government Printing Office is several thousand copies behind in filling orders.

The A.E.C. has offices here in the Department of Justice Building, on Columbus Avenue, and these include an assaying laboratory, where samples of rock are tested. We stopped in there to find out how much usable uranium, if any, has actually been turned up hereabouts. None has, but this isn't from want of samples of ore. Mrs. Muriel Mathez, whose full title is Chief Mineralogist of the Raw Materials Operations Laboratory of the A.E.C., and who is only about half that size herself, told us that the laboratory tests every sort of ore that might contain uranium, except carnotite, a mineral that is found chiefly in the Colorado plateau country and is handled in an A.E.C. laboratory in Grand Junction, Colorado. Carnotite is among the very few uranium ores now being commercially mined in the United States, and the mines don't yield much uranium. The ore averages sixty per cent uranium but occurs so sparsely in rock formations that the proportion of uranium to rock is well under ten per cent. "We've had twenty-five hundred samples of rock sent in to us since the government uranium-hunting program began last year," Mrs. Mathez said, "and the number of samples we get per day keeps going up. We're swamped here, so we encourage people to send their samples to the Geological Survey office in Washington or to the Bureau of Mines in Salt Lake City or Tucson for assaying, but they're being swamped, too. Ninety per cent of the samples we receive never get past our first Geiger-counter test, for the simple reason that they're not radioactive. Heaven knows why people send them in to us. We've had all kinds of things turn up in the mail, including two bricks." If the samples are from around New York City, we learned, they generally prove to be Manhattan schist; if from New Jersey, Palisades diabase; if from Connecticut, Triassic red shale. A sample that passes the first test, for which a small, portable Geiger counter is used, is then subjected to a test by a large, laboratory-model Geiger counter, which is able to measure the exact amount of radioactive material in the sample. To demonstrate this, Mrs. Mathez held a rock up to the big Geiger counter, and the counter dials did a ponderous jig. "That's pegmatite," Mrs. Mathez said scornfully. "Isolated chunks sometimes have a high uranium content, but that doesn't indicate more uranium in the neighborhood. Frankly, pegmatite is a pain in the neck to us. It can be found in lots of places in Connecticut—around Glastonbury and Willimantic and Middletown, for instance."



If a sample survives several other laboratory tests and the prospector is able to present evidence that there is more uranium ore in the area, the A.E.C. sends a field man out to the place of discovery to see how much ore there appears to be. The government will buy a minimum of ten tons of ore containing a minimum of ten per cent uranium oxide. For a minimum of twenty tons of ore containing a minimum of twenty per cent uranium oxide, the government will pay a bonus of ten thousand dollars, over and above the regular sale price of three dollars and a half per pound of recoverable uranium oxide. The fact is, however, that the government has yet to buy any ore from a prospector in these parts, or to give out a bonus to a prospector in any parts. "What we *really* keep hoping to find a sample of is a nice, three-inch-wide vein of pitchblende," Mrs. Mathez said. "Pitchblende is from sixty to ninety per cent pure uranium, and I advise you to keep a sharp lookout for it. It's black or greenish black in color and is commonly associated with yellow secondary materials." Pitchblende is heavier than lead and harder than lead, and when exposed to the weather sometimes turns into a substance known as gummite, so called because it looks like gum—orange-colored gum. It is then so soft it can be scratched with a fingernail. Silver miners in various parts of the world used to come across it and either throw it away or save it for its value as a ceramic-coloring agent. Pitchblende is extremely scarce in this country, or has been so far. There's a deposit of it on the eastern shore of Lake Superior, in Canada, that was discovered in 1847, forgotten about, and rediscovered last fall.

Stranger

A YOUNG mother in Scarborough volunteered to take her three children and five assorted playmates for a swim one afternoon last week. They climbed into the family station wagon and set off for a nearby pool, where the lady spent an anxious couple of hours counting bathing caps and wet crew cuts to make sure that her eight charges were all accounted for. Just before suppertime, she herded them back into the car and made a final, light-hearted check—light-hearted, that is, until she counted nine little heads instead of eight.

Superintendent of Service

ON Mondays, the assistant manager of the Hotel Lexington—the fellow who sits at a desk in the lobby and deals with the questions, complaints, and other problems of guests—is a plump, dignified, clear-eyed, well-tailored young executive named Louis D'Annucci. On Tuesdays, it's Edward Craig, who answers to the same description. Or it may be vice versa; they change off now and then. During the rest of the week, after the other assistant managers have had their days off, the Messrs. D'Annucci and Craig are reduced in rank, clothed in the livery of bell captains, and referred to simply as Louie and Eddie. Having been apprised of this peculiar situation, we went over to the Lexington the other morning to investigate. The first person we talked to there was George W. Miller, the resident manager. "This arrangement we have with Louie and Eddie," he told us, "started during the war. A couple of assistant managers were drafted, and replacements of the right type were hard to find. Both Louie and Eddie knew the work, and so we tried them out. Both of them have been offered permanent jobs as assistant managers, but neither of them accepted. I could easily guess why, but I'd rather you spoke to one of the boys himself." Forthwith, he led us across the lobby and introduced us to Louie, who was working the day shift that week, while Eddie was on nights. The left breast of Louie's uniform was emblazoned with the words "Superintendent of Service." We asked him why he refused to become an assistant manager for keeps. "I got a wife and

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two kids," he said, "and I like to see them once in a while. There's ten dollars more a week in being assistant manager than there is in being superintendent of service, but you never get home. And then this side of the business is more interesting—you meet more people. See that man over there?" Louie indicated a thin fellow in a trench coat. "He wrote 'Guadalcanal Diary.' Can't think of his name, but that's the kind of people you meet running the service department." "Isn't the assistant manager's job a step upward?" we inquired, trying to get Louie's viewpoint into focus. "I been here sixteen years," replied Louie, "and I've served as everything from elevator operator to house detective, and so has Eddie. What I like best is what I do most of the time in this job. What I used to want to do was get into the construction business, like my father, but he tells me the monopolies got that hog-tied. Now I'd settle for a nice tavern."

Louie went on to inform us that he was once a photostat operator for an outfit that did work on catalogues put out by companies like Sears, Roebuck. Between catalogues, he and some of the other photostat men were laid off, and during one such lull he took a berth at the Lexington. "Eddie and I started at practically the same time," he said. "Those days, we both wore size-thirty-four uniforms; now we wear forty-four. He's got two kids; I got two kids. We're a lot alike. But he wants to stay in the hotel business, and I intend to leave it someday. One thing I'll say for it, though—you pick up knowledge you couldn't find in a book or college or university. When I was a kid, I was a wild guy that never went to church. Now I always go. You meet a hell of a lot of guys in this business that make you want to go to church so you won't wind up acting like them." With obvious satisfaction, Louie told us that as joint superintendents of service he and Eddie have seventy men under them—not only bellhops but doormen, timekeepers, elevator men, and baggage-smashers. "You get an idea how to handle men in this job, all right," he said, "but, on the other hand, suppose they sold the hotel. I'm out of a job tomorrow if that happens. What difference then if I'm assistant manager or bell captain?" A bellhop interrupted Louie to tell him that a lady was complaining that her television set wasn't working. "You see," Louie said. "Right now, it's like I'm assistant manager, because the regular man is out to lunch." "What'll I do about that television set?" the bellhop asked. "Go up and give it a kick," said Louie. "That usually makes them work."

Promotion

WE call the attention of Alcoholics Anonymous to the business card of the Fine Liquor Shop, 101 West Ninety-fourth Street, the back of which bears the following sales plug:

> Yesterday This Day's Madness did prepare;
> Tomorrow's Silence, Triumph, or Despair:
> Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why:
> Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.
>
> —*Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám.*

Minor Menace

A NEW JERSEY lady who moved into a modern house last spring has written in to ask us what she should do about her picture window, which is proving a threat to bird life. Birds keep dashing against it and knocking themselves dead, or at least out. We could think of nothing beyond boarding up the window, or painting hungry cats' heads on it, so we took the matter up with one of the experts of the National Audubon Society. "Oh dear, the picture-window problem!" the expert said at once with a knowing sigh. "We just got word this morning of a picture window in Westchester that has claimed twelve warblers in the last three months." The Audubon expert went on to say that while the situation is to be regretted, the Society is not prepared to make a stand against modern architecture simply because modern houses and office buildings call for large areas of glass. "The picture window does not constitute a genuine threat to avifauna," he said, weighing every syllable. "At least, not yet. When you consider that common house cats may take a hundred million bird lives a year, you can understand what a minor menace windows are. Please don't put me down as anti-cat, however. Cats are as much a part of the balance of nature as birds are."

Taking a bird's-eye view of picture windows, the Society has hit on two fairly plausible explanations of why birds bang into them. The first, and less likely, hypothesis is that a bird looks through a picture window, sees another window opposite, and, not stopping to consider panes of glass, decides to whisk through first one opening and then the other. The second hypothesis is that a bird sees in a window the reflection of trees, bushes, and sky and assumes that it's more open country. WHAM! Robins and bluebirds fly at

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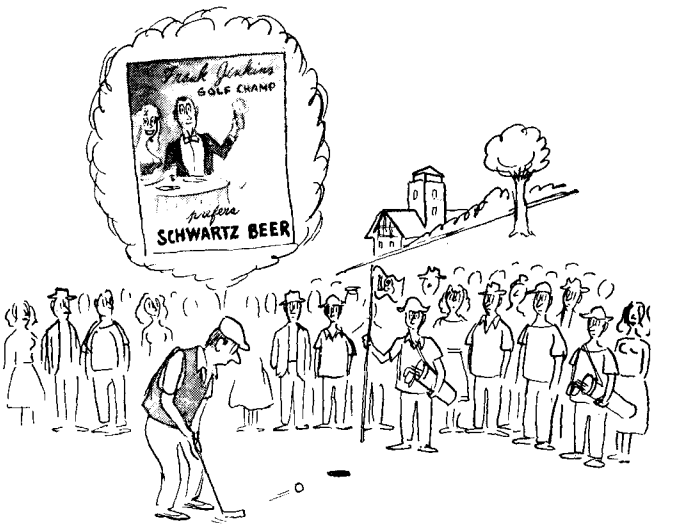

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from twenty to thirty miles an hour, and for a small bird to hit a window at that speed is nearly always fatal. Falcons are thought to do around sixty-five m.p.h. in high, but they generally roam so far above the housetops that they don't get into trouble. Big birds, even though flying with greater momentum, usually fare better than little ones when they do hit. In Westchester, not long ago, a starling, a twenty-to-thirty-m.p.h. bird, was being chased by a sharp-shinned hawk, which is in the thirty-to-forty-m.p.h. class. They both rammed into a picture window, breaking it. The starling was killed, but the hawk escaped with a bad shaking up. Birds seldom hit picture windows or other fixed objects in neighborhoods they are used to, we were informed, but if one bird is being pursued by another and is in a state of panic, it may crash.

The Audubon man, who has made a study of the perils civilization has conjured up for bird life, told us that telephone wires, moving automobiles, and beacon lights are, along with cats, more dangerous to birds than windows. The torch of the Statue of Liberty is a regular deathtrap. On a single morning, several hundred night-migrating birds, such as warblers, water thrushes, and vireos, have been found dead at the foot of the statue. The Empire State Building and the Washington Monument are also hard on night migrants. English sparrows, the shrewdest of urban birds, are disappearing here, along with the horse. In their day they were never deceived by windows, possibly because windows were rarely picture windows then. The Audubon man said that he is sorry to see the sparrows go but that the duck hawk, a falcon that has a reputed speed of two hundred miles an hour in straight dives, has taken a fancy to the city lately, thanks to his discovery of the local abundance of succulent pigeons, and should prove a welcome addition to metropolitan life—welcome to everyone but the pigeons, that is. Duck hawks like high places, with or without windows. A pair of them have been nesting on the roof of the St. Regis recently, and another pair, who live on the Palisades, have been using the George Washington Bridge as their place of business. "Beautiful to watch, rare, and protected by law," the Audubon man said. Then, reverting to our problem, he suggested that bird-lovers who are going away on vacation and feel guilty about their picture windows might try hanging some kind of cheap netting in front of them. This hint is of no use to modern-house dwellers *not* going on vacation, so as a last resort we telephoned the Pittsburgh Plate Glass people and asked them whether they have been working on any experiments to protect birds from windows. "Hell, no," a man there said. "We've been working just the other way around—trying to protect windows from birds. Birds crashing into airplane windshields have been a terrific hazard to pilots. We've had to make a laminated safety glass that will yield sufficiently so that a pilot's skull won't be fractured if he bumps against it but that won't break when a bird hits it at three hundred miles an hour."

Good Match

A LADY about to make her second marriage, whom we have long known to be resourceful and whose veracity we wouldn't think of questioning, tells us that, in the hope of avoiding a store-to-store canvass to change her name on charge accounts, she called the Credit Bureau of Greater New York and asked if it wasn't possible to handle the operation centrally, at one swoop. The gentleman who answered told her urbanely that indeed it was possible, and after taking down her name and that of her husband-to-be advised her that she had merely to confirm her request in writing. He then had her hold the phone for a few moments and, upon returning, said, "I take pleasure in felicitating you both. Each of you is marrying an excellent credit risk."

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THE CLICHÉ EXPERT TESTIFIES ON BASEBALL

Q—Mr. Arbuthnot, you state that your grandmother has passed away and you would like to have the afternoon off to go to her funeral.

A—That is correct.

Q—You are an expert in the clichés of baseball—right?

A—I pride myself on being well versed in the stereotypes of our national pastime.

Q—Well, we'll test you. Who plays baseball?

A—Big-league baseball is customarily played by brilliant outfielders, veteran hurlers, powerful sluggers, knuckle-ball artists, towering first basemen, key moundsmen, fleet base runners, ace southpaws, scrappy little shortstops, sensational war vets, ex-college stars, relief artists, rifle-armed twirlers, dependable mainstays, doughty right-handers, streamlined backstops, power-hitting batsmen, redoubtable infielders, erstwhile Dodgers, veteran sparkplugs, sterling moundsmen, aging twirlers, and rookie sensations.

Q—What other names are rookie sensations known by?

A—They are also known as aspiring rookies, sensational newcomers, promising freshmen, ex-sandlotters, highly touted striplings, and youngsters who will bear watching.

Q—What's the manager of a baseball team called?

A—A veteran pilot. Or youthful pilot. But he doesn't manage the team.

Q—No? What does he do?

A—He guides its destinies.

Q—How?

A—By the use of managerial strategy.

Q—Mr. Arbuthnot, please describe the average major-league-baseball athlete.

A—Well, he comes in three sizes, or types. The first type is tall, slim, lean, towering, rangy, huge, husky, big, strapping, sturdy, handsome, powerful, lanky, rawboned, and rugged.

Q—Quite a hunk of athlete.

A—Well, those are the adjectives usage requires for the description of the Type One, or Ted Williams, ballplayer.

Q—What is Type Two like?

A—He is chunky or stocky—that is to say, Yogi Berra.

Q—And the third?

A—The third type is elongated and does not walk. He is Ol' Satchmo, or

Q—What do you mean Satchmo doesn't walk?

A—Not in the sports pages, he doesn't. He ambles.

Q—You mentioned a hurler, Mr. Arbuthnot. What is a hurler?

A—A hurler is a twirler.

Q—Well, what is a twirler?

A—A twirler is a flinger, a tosser. He's a moundsman.

Q—Moundsman?

A—Yes. He officiates on the mound. When the veteran pilot tells a hurler he is to twirl on a given day, that is a mound assignment, and the hurler who has been told to twirl is the mound nominee for that game.

Q—You mean he pitches?

A—That is right. You have cut the Gordian knot.

Q—What's the pitcher for the other team called?

A—He is the mound adversary, or mound opponent, of the mound nominee. That makes them rival hurlers, or twirlers. They face each other and have a mound duel, or pitchers' battle.

Q—Who wins?

A—The mound victor wins, and as a result he is a mound ace, or ace moundsman. He excels on the mound, or stars on it. He and the other moundsmen on his team are the mound corps.

Q—What happens to the mound nominee who loses the mound duel?

A—He is driven off the mound.

Q—What do you mean by that?

A—He's yanked. He's knocked out of the box.

Q—What's the box?

A—The box is the mound.

Q—I see. Why does the losing moundsman lose?

A—Because he issues, grants, yields, allows, or permits too many hits or walks, or both.

Q—A bit on the freehanded side, eh? Where does the mound victor go if he pitches the entire game?

A—He goes all the way.

Q—And how does the mound adversary who has been knocked out of the box explain his being driven off the mound?

A—He says, "I had trouble with my control," or "My curve wasn't working," or "I just didn't have anything today."

Q—What happens if a mound ace issues, grants, yields, allows, or permits too many hits and walks?

A—In that case, sooner or later, rumors are rife. Either that or they are rampant.

Q—Rife where?

A—In the front office.

Q—What's that?

A—That's the place where baseball's biggies—also known as baseball moguls—do their asking.

Q—What do they ask for?

A—Waivers on erratic southpaw.

Q—What are these baseball biggies further known as?

A—They are known as the Shrewd Mahatma or as Horace Stoneham, but if they wear their shirt open at the neck, they are known as Bill Veeck.

Q—What do baseball biggies do when they are not asking for waivers?

A—They count the gate receipts, buy promising rookies, sell aging twirlers, and stand loyally by Manager Durocher.

Q—And what does Manager Durocher do?

A—He guides the destinies of the Giants and precipitates arguments with the men in blue.

Q—What men in blue?

A—The umpires, or arbiters.

Q—What kind of arguments does Durocher precipitate?

A—Heated arguments.

Q—And the men in blue do what to him and other players who precipitate heated arguments?

A—They send, relegate, banish, or thumb them to the showers.

Q—Mr. Arbuthnot, how do you, as a cliché expert, refer to first base?

A—First base is the initial sack.

Q—And second base?

A—The keystone sack.

Q—What's third base called?

A—The hot corner. The first inning is the initial frame, and an inning without runs is a scoreless stanza.

Q—What is one run known as?

A—A lone run, but four runs are known as a quartet of tallies.

Q—What is a baseball?

A—The pill, the horsehide, the old apple, or the sphere.

Q—And what's a bat?

A—The bat is the willow, or the wagon tongue, or the piece of lumber. In the hands of a mighty batsman, it is the mighty bludgeon.

Q—What does a mighty batsman do?

A—He amasses runs. He connects

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"That's Mr. Anderson, but I don't think that's Mrs. Anderson."

• •

with the old apple. He raps 'em out and he pounds 'em out. He belts 'em and he clouts 'em.

Q—Clouts what?

A—Circuit clouts.

Q—What are they?

A—Home runs. Know what the mighty batsman does to the mighty bludgeon?

Q—No. What?

A—He wields it. Know what kind of orgies he fancies?

Q—What kind?

A—Batting orgies. Slugfests. That's why his team pins.

Q—Pins what?

A—All its hopes on him.

Q—Mr. Arbuthnot, what is a runner guilty of when he steals home?

A—A plate theft.

Q—And how many kinds of baseball games are there?

A—Five main classifications: scheduled tussles, crucial contests, pivotal games, drab frays, and arc-light tussles.

Q—And what does the team that wins—

A—Sir, a baseball team never wins. It scores a victory, or gains one, or chalks one up. Or it snatches.

Q—Snatches what?

A—Victory from the jaws of defeat.

Q—How?

A—By a ninth-inning rally.

Q—I see. Well, what do the teams that chalk up victories do to the teams that lose?

A—They nip, top, wallop, trounce, rout, down, subdue, smash, drub, paste, trip, crush, curb, whitewash, erase, bop, slam, batter, check, hammer, pop, wham, clout, and blank the visitors. Or they zero them.

Q—Gracious sakes! Now I know why ballplayers are old at thirty-five.

A—Oh, that isn't th[illegible]

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"There! How do you like being splashed?"

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it. They do other things to the visitors.

Q—Is it possible?

A—Certainly. They jolt them, or deal them a jolt. They also halt, sock, thump, larrup, vanquish, flatten, scalp, shellac, blast, slaughter, K.O., mow down, topple, whack, pound, rap, sink, baffle, thwart, foil, maul, and nick.

Q—Do the losers do anything at all to the victors?

A—Yes. They bow to the victors. And they taste.

Q—Taste what?

A—Defeat. They trail. They take a drubbing, pasting, or shellacking. They are in the cellar.

Q—What about the victors?

A—They loom as flag contenders. They're in the first division.

Q—Mr. Arbuthnot, what is the first sign of spring?

A—Well, a robin, of course.

Q—Yes, but I'm thinking of our subject here. How about when the ballplayers go south for spring training?

A—Ballplayers don't go south for [illegible] training.

Q—Why, they do!

A—They do *not*. They wend their way southward.

Q—Oh, I see. Well, do all ballplayers wend their way southward?

A—No. One remains at home.

Q—Who is he?

A—The lone holdout.

Q—Why does the lone holdout remain at home?

A—He refuses to ink pact.

Q—What do you mean by that?

A—He won't affix his Hancock to *his contract.*

Q—Why not?

A—He demands a pay hike, or salary boost.

Q—From whom?

A—From baseball's biggies.

Q—And what do baseball's biggies do to the lone holdout?

A—They attempt to lure him back into the fold.

Q—How?

A—By offering him new contract.

Q—What does lone holdout do then?

A—He weighs offer. If he doesn't like it, he balks at terms. If he does like it, he inks pact and gets pay hike.

Q—How much pay hike?

A—An undisclosed amount in excess of.

Q—That makes him what?

A—One of the highest-paid baseball stars in the annals of the game, barring Ruth.

Q—What if baseball's biggies won't give lone holdout pay hike?

A—In that case, lone holdout takes pay cut, old salary, or job in filling station in home town.

Q—Now, when baseball players reach the spring training camp and put on their uniforms—

A—May I correct you again, sir? Baseball players do not put on uniforms. They don them.

Q—I see. What for?

A—For a practice session or strenuous workout.

Q—And why must they have a strenuous workout?

A—Because they must shed the winter's accumulation of excess avoirdupois.

Q—You mean they must lose weight?

A—You put it in a nutshell. They must be streamlined, so they plunge.

Q—Plunge into what?

A—Into serious training.

Q—Can't get into serious training except by plunging, eh?

A—No. Protocol requires that they plunge. Training season gets under way in Grapefruit and Citrus Leagues. Casey Stengel bars night life.

Q—Mr. Arbuthnot, what is the opening game of the season called?

A—Let me see-e-e. It's on the tip of my tongue. Isn't that aggravating? Ah, I have it—the opener! At the opener, fifty-two thousand two hundred and ninety-three fans watch Giants bow to Dodgers.

Q—What do those fifty-two thousand two hundred and ninety-three fans constitute?

A—They constitute fandom.

Q—And how do they get into the ballpark?

A—They click through the turnstiles.

Q—Now, then, Mr. Arbuthnot, the climax of the baseball season is the World Series, is it not?

A—That's right.

Q—And what is the World Series called?

A—It's the fall classic, or crucial contest, also known as the fray, the epic struggle, and the Homeric struggle. It is part of the American scene, like ham

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and eggs or pumpkin pie. It's a colorful event.

Q—What is it packed with?

A—Thrills. Drama.

Q—What kind of drama?

A—Sheer or tense.

Q—Why does it have to be packed with thrills and drama?

A—Because if it isn't, it becomes drab fray.

Q—Where does the fall classic take place?

A—In a vast municipal stadium or huge ballpark.

Q—And the city in which the fall classic is held is what?

A—The city is baseball mad.

Q—And the hotels?

A—The hotels are jammed. Rooms are at a premium.

Q—Tickets, also, I presume.

A—Tickets? If you mean the cards of admission to the fall classic, they are referred to as elusive Series ducats, and they *are* at a premium, though I would prefer to say that they are scarcer than the proverbial hen's teeth.

Q—Who attends the Series?

A—A milling throng, or great outpouring of fans.

Q—What does the great outpouring of fans do?

A—It storms the portals and, of course, clicks through the turnstiles.

Q—Causing what?

A—Causing attendance records to go by the board. Stands fill early.

Q—What else does the crowd do?

A—It yells itself hoarse. Pent-up emotions are released. It rides the men in blue.

Q—What makes a baseball biggie unhappy on the morning of a Series tussle?

A—Leaden skies.

Q—Who is to blame for leaden skies?

A—A character known to the scribes as Jupiter Pluvius, or Jupe.

Q—What does rain dampen?

A—The ardor of the fans.

Q—If the weather clears, who gets credit for that?

A—Another character, known as Old Sol.

Q—Now, the team that wins the Series—

A—Again, I'm sorry to correct you, sir. A team does not win a Series. It wraps it up. It clinches it.

Q—Well, then what?

A—Then the newly crowned champions repair to their locker room.

Q—What reigns in that locker room?

A—Pandemonium, bedlam, and joy.

Q—Expressed how?

A—By lifting youthful pilot, or his equivalent, to the shoulders of his teammates.

Q—In the locker room of the losers, what is as thick as a day in—I mean so thick you could cut it with a knife?

A—Gloom. The losers are devoid.

Q—Devoid of what?

A—Animation.

Q—Why?

A—Because they came apart at the seams in the pivotal tussle.

Q—What happens to the newly crowned champions later?

A—They are hailed, acclaimed, and fêted. They receive mighty ovations, boisterous demonstrations, and thunderous welcomes.

Q—And when those are over?

A—They split the Series purse and go hunting.

Q—Mr. Arbuthnot, if a powerful slugger or mighty batsman wields a mighty bludgeon to such effect that he piles up a record number of circuit clouts, what does that make him?

A—That is very apt to make him most valuable player of the year.

Q—And that?

A—That makes the kids of America look up to him as their hero.

Q—If most valuable player of the year continues the batting orgies that make the kids of America worship him, what then?

A—Then he becomes one of Baseball's Immortals. He is enshrined in Baseball's Hall of Fame.

Q—And after that?

A—Someday he retires and becomes veteran scout, or veteran coach, or veteran pilot. Or sports broadcaster.

Q—And then?

A—Well, eventually a memorial plaque is unveiled to him at the opener.

Q—Thank you, Mr. Arbuthnot. You have been most helpful. I won't detain you any longer, and I hope your grandmother's funeral this afternoon is a tense drama packed with thrills.

A—Thanks a lot. Goodbye now.

Q—Hold on a moment, Mr. Arbuthnot. Just for my own curiosity—couldn't you have said "thanks" and "goodbye" and let it go at that, without adding that "lot" and "now" malarkey?

A—I could have, but it would have cost me my title as a cliché expert.

—FRANK SULLIVAN

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And he added: "Once a bird has become thoroughly identified with human beings and learned to talk like them, it is useless for breeding purposes."—*The Times*.

Maybe. But it would be just as well to keep an eye on it.

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THE SISTER

THE summer day began quietly, with morning sunlight lying mild on the two houses—the grandmother's big white house, the small red house where the young people and their children lived—and on the smooth stretch of lawn between. Later, when the sun was hot, this stretch of lawn would be the children's battlefield, their no man's land, and there would be shouts of "Down with the Kaiser! Get the Hun" and the loud noises of agonizing death. But the children were not out yet after their breakfast, and the lawn was peaceful still. Miss Arbogast, moving neatly about her morning work at the old lady's, stepped out onto the front porch and stood for a moment at the rail, not hurrying, shaking her dust-cloth out gently toward the shadows that came from behind the bushes softly, dew-sprinkled and furry at the edges. Then she stepped back through the screen door into the old lady's parlor. Here and in the dining room that lay beyond the uncurtained archway, it was dim, with the pale-yellow shades lowered already against the sunlight, and in the dimness she moved on neatly at her tasks again. She wiped the pink-and-white spiralled sea shell carefully, testing its sound afterward automatically against her ear, dusted the metal fire screen, stood in the middle of the room considering, and then set the Bible straight and adjusted a spray of gray everlasting flowers in a vase under the gilt wall mirror. When she looked up from this, abstracted, reviewing her next task, her reflection faced her and she looked back at it, a pale, sedate face, slightly familiar, set against the dim background of somebody else's parlor. Who am I? she thought with a beginning horror. But then she moved quickly back, turned toward the dining room, and inclined her head politely. The old lady had come in through the swinging door from the back part of the house. "Good morning, Mrs. Thompson," said Miss Arbogast.

"Good morning," the old lady said graciously. She gave a look of speculative judgment at her rooms, coughed a thin cough into her handkerchief, wiped her mouth after the cough, and concealed the handkerchief in her dress folds. Then she came on in from the dining room and sat down in a rocking chair in the parlor. A long-boned, elegant old lady, she was dressed, already, so early in the morning, elegantly in blue challis with lace and black velvet at the throat, her gray hair puffed and piled beautifully, little jet earrings in her ears. She grasped the chair arms with her long fingers and then, on the point of settling down to rock, stiffened and moved her thin back fretfully against the wooden slats. "Another cushion," she said.

Miss Arbogast had forgotten. She brought one quickly from the sofa and arranged it. The old lady waved her off. "Put the phonograph here." Miss Arbogast brought it from the sun porch. She brought a small table for it to stand on, then a thick stack of records; her shoulders rounded over her task. When she had finished, she bent, setting the phonograph straight, tidying the records. The old lady glanced at her sidewise, tightened her fingers with a little petulance on the chair arms, and said, "The children will be here."

Miss Arbogast straightened quickly. She knew that the children would be there. She withdrew.

AND it was true. At that moment, while their grandmother settled down to a firm rocking stroke and Miss Arbogast found her Red Cross knitting on the dining-room sideboard and selected a place in the dimness near enough so that she could be called if needed but not so near that she would seem to be feeling herself a member of the family, the children were coming down their front steps and starting across the lawn toward the big house. They trailed along unevenly, three girls and a black-headed little boy, the dew cold on their bare feet and the shadows coming out tremulously toward them. They would play vigorously enough here when they started playing; they would lie along the bottom of the slope where the lawn dipped to meet the oiled road and sing "Onward, Christian Soldiers"—"Hell's confoundations . . ." they would sing with a powerful, warlike emphasis—and then shout "Over the top" and charge up onto the yard and across it, aiming and stabbing and writhing horribly on the hot grass. But it was early now. Their feet were cold in the dew; they were a little drugged from having recently got up and recently drunk down lukewarm chocolate, and they were going to call on their grandmother. They lifted their faces impassively against the cool sun.

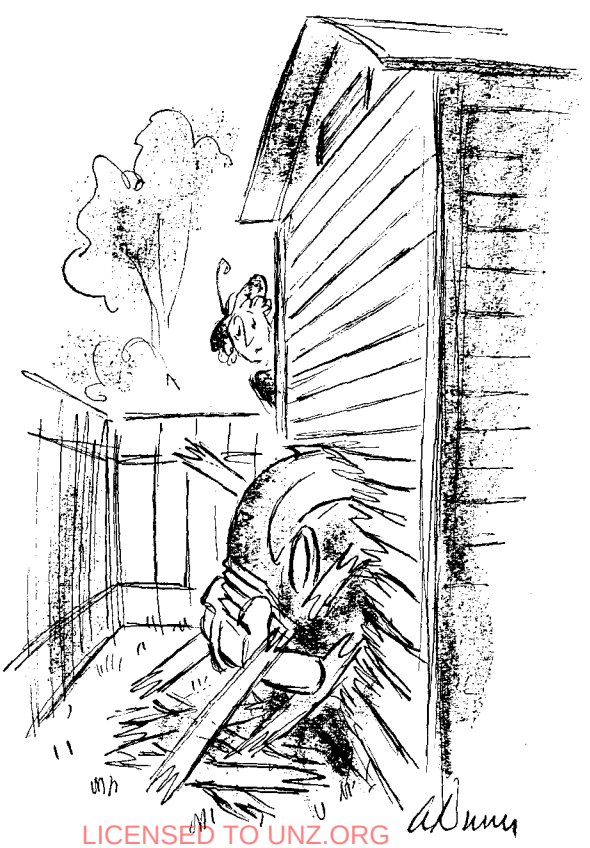
At the front porch, they drew together, came up the steps and in, without knocking but quietly, and closed the screen door quietly behind them. They stood together, looking into the dimness, making out their grandmother. "Hello, Grandma," they said politely.

The old lady coughed weakly, wiped her mouth, and hid the handkerchief in the chair cushions. Then she smiled sadly and held out a long, blue-veined hand toward her grandchildren. They came obediently and stood before her. She was *not supposed* to kiss them; they stood watchful, their eyes downcast but wary, while she fondled them, smoothed their hair, pressed their limp hands in her long fingers, questioned them: Had they drunk all their milk at breakfast? Had they been to the bathroom that morning? They said "Yes," and "Yes," dutifully, and she sighed, finally, let their hands fall abruptly, and turned to the phonograph beside her. They made a quick scramble, silently, for the end places on the sofa.

"What shall I play?"

"'Jungle Glade,'" they all said together.

Agatha and Benny had caught the end places—somehow, this was the way it always came out—and fastened themselves firmly in the corners; Ellie and



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"How do you want your eggs, dear—scrambled?"

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Mary Lou resigned themselves to the middle, and they all sat quiet, their heads graduating down evenly, from Agatha's, fair and tousled, through Ellie's, brown and smooth, and Mary Lou's, a white bush, to Benny's, as black as a little Indian's. They clasped their hands in their laps and looked out with calm faces, waiting. Their grandmother gave the machine a crank, lowered the needle, and set the record whirring. She coughed again, wiped her mouth, and hid the handkerchief; then she clasped the chair arms and rocked, her long legs sending her backward and forward in smooth strokes.

This was a good, fast song. Notes pelted forth like erratic shower spray, and then words, fast and intricate, came twisting out. "Moonlight in jungle land, moonlight and love; in the jungle glade each monkey maid . . ." Actually, it was not the children's favorite; their favorite was a war song and sad, but they could not ask for it in this house because of Miss Arbogast's brother, who was missing in action. It was their mother who had placed the prohibition on them. Miss Arbogast had said nothing; it had only been observed that she left the room rather quickly one day when the music started. But of course it was her fault. They took this piece as a second best and made the most of it, listening intently, sorting the words out nimbly from the music. Agatha narrowed her gray eyes as she concentrated. She had put her hair up on her head and tied a black velvet band around it, like a high-school girl, but it was naturally hair that tousled and it had slipped out in long wisps and stubby stray ends; she pushed it behind her ears and twisted it vigorously as she listened. She had the long, handsome face of her grandmother, the same gray eyes and delicate nostrils and wide mouth. Ellie, next to her, kept her hands clasped in her lap and her head up. With her big-nosed little face and her shining, intent dark eyes, she was like an alert, anxious baby bird. Perhaps she was not listening to the music; she had a conscience, and there were always too many things occupying it—she had told a lie once, for one thing, and what was the Unforgivable Sin? If it was saying to thy brother, "Thou fool," and if a sister counted the same as a brother, then she would perish in Hell Fire for certain. Mary Lou bounced. She was a direct, athletic little girl, and the real business of her life was climbing trees and sliding along the top of the barn roof. She was waking up now; the summer day was beginning to stir in her, and though she listened, whispered the words, and laughed when they boomed out, loud and ludicrous, her head, round-faced and blue-eyed, with its topping of wild white hair, bobbed toward the window and she bounced gently. Benny sat looking stern. He was wedged well back into his corner, his feet straight out before him, his elbow against the armrest, and his chin, round yet with a baby softness (he was only five), cupped firm in his hand. His black eyes looked out steadily from beneath dark brows. He was, as his sisters knew him, an intense little boy, given to crying real tears when, in their war play, they all kissed their sweethearts goodbye and sailed for France, and to making impassioned speeches, from the top of the elm stump or the crotch of an apple tree in the orchard, about Red Cross nurses. "What would we do without the Red Cross nurses?" he would cry. "What would the soldiers do? They would die. Die of wounds."

They all sat quiet in their grandmother's house now, making no trou-

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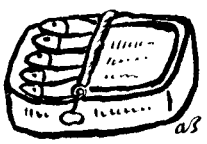
ble. They never made any trouble here. They spoke softly, did not quarrel, and never—with an occasional exception from Benny—asked for anything. She sighed, looking them over.

The music stopped. The needle ground on with a clanging and a burring noise. The old lady coughed and gave her attention to the mechanism. Benny stirred in his corner, pushed himself forward, slid down deliberately, and stood. His sisters looked at him casually. He started off across the room away from them, his back straight, his legs marching firmly, and they looked at one another—he was not asking to go to the bathroom—and then back at him critically. He rounded the phonograph to his grandmother's side, and suddenly they knew what he was up to. "Benny!" Agatha said warningly, and Ellie and Mary Lou looked furtively and anxiously toward the dining room. *She* was there. In the dimness just beyond the built-in bookcases, Miss Arbogast sat knitting, her head lowered, at her Red Cross stocking. They looked back desperately at their brother.



"Benny!" Agatha said again, loudly. "*You know* what Mama said."

He turned his head and gave them a calm look, his chin lifted; then he turned back to his grandmother. With a tender, happily surprised look, she was inclining her head toward him. He whispered.

There was a silence. The grandmother looked slightly shocked, or disappointed—this was a request she could not let herself grant—and the girls eyed her desolately. Then the old lady's expression tightened and became bitter. Undoubtedly it had occurred to her that this was her house, this her own little grandson. What is a life worth ringed about and closed in by strangers? She looked toward the dining room resentfully. The little girls followed her glance, a faint surprise and indecisiveness on their faces; then they lifted their chins and looked at Miss Arbogast with enmity, too. He was *their* brother. He stood now in the middle of the room and waited calmly.

Miss Arbogast stood. She had not perceptibly glanced upward from her work, but now she gathered her yarn up and, keeping her head lowered, arranged her knitting in a workbasket on the table. Then she advanced into the living room and lifted her glance hesitantly to the grandmother. "Pardon me . . ." she said.

The old lady flushed a little—the girls, though, kept their heads lifted in defiance—but she recovered quickly and held out her hand. "My dear . . . ?"

Miss Arbogast stood where she was, but circumspectly, her feet poised, her head bent just a trifle to one side in deference. "I wondered—if you could possibly spare me for a moment. I've just remembered it's my father's birthday next week. If I could write a short note . . ."

"But certainly, my dear." The old lady rested her disregarded hand easily on the phonograph. "I shall make myself spare you. Write a long letter."

"Thank you," murmured Miss Arbogast, and half turned.

"If you close your door, we shan't bother you with our silly noise."

"Yes. Thank you."

Miss Arbogast went out of the room and up the stairs, moving not too fast and not too slowly, holding the balustrade lightly with one hand. Below her, as she neared the top, there was a scurry and a soft, happy whispering. "Low"—she heard the grandmother's voice. A little spasm of amusement went through her, and she paused, out of sight around the bend, and controlled it, then went on up, and down the hall toward her own room. The music was starting, low; she said the words liltingly to herself without waiting for them: "Just before the battle, Mother, I am thinking most of you, while upon the field we're watching with the e-ne-my in vee-ew." It was a silly song. She hated to think she had ever let it inspire her to anything but amusement over its sentimentality; but it was true she had found it necessary to leave the room one day when it started. "But oh, you'll not forget me, Mother, if I'm num-ber'd—with—the slain." She went into her room and closed the door and stood against it.

What should she do? She looked aimlessly into the dimness. The shades had to be lowered here, also, to save this carpet. A sunny room in the summertime was not to be thought of. There across the room, held up against the wall by the oval mirror, was her reflection again. She looked at it this time curiously, with no panic—a pale, plain-looking young woman with pale-brown hair, prim features, and a pale sprinkling of freckles over fair skin. It might possibly, to one looking at her with the selective eye of love, have seemed that there was something, elusively and appealingly, of beauty here, a Puritan sort of loveliness in the oval line of face and the delicate curving of eyebrows. But there is the question of the tree falling in the forest: Is there a noise if nobody hears? Seeing herself there, hazily suspended across the darkened room, she remembered something from her childhood. It was when she was about twelve. She had just begun to look into the mirror occasionally and to think, with surprise, I'm kind of pretty! In the late dusk one evening, she and her little brother Joe had been chasing one another along a country road near their farm home. One of them had caught the other, and they were walking now with their arms crossed and their hands locked together, just walking in a companionable truce and resting, the night calm about them. She had looked down at him and smiled, and his face, looking up at her suddenly, had wonder in it and respect. He said, "Gee, you look beautiful, you look awful beautiful."

Her brother Joe was dead now. Under the mirror, on the marble top of the dresser, she had propped the telegram up neatly. She went over now and hid it in the bottom of her handkerchief box, in the top drawer. It had come the afternoon before, while the old lady was asleep and the family next door away, and she had not cried yet. She couldn't now, not in the time it might take to write a letter. She pushed her palms hard against her temples and walked about the room vigorously, not crying. At the window, she paused and drew the shade up recklessly and, leaning her forehead against the glass, looked down. There were the lilac bushes, the red house beyond, the two elm trees. The shadows, which earlier had been so hesitant, furry along their edges like young animals, had sharpened. The hot day was already taking hold.

—Mildred Stewart

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HONEST CONFESSION

The things are three
  Which I discern
Less easily
  As the years turn.

Three things seem sliding
  From my sight:
The line dividing
  Wrong from right;

Whereto we hie
  From where we've been to;
The needle's eye
  A thread goes into.

—Phyllis McGinley

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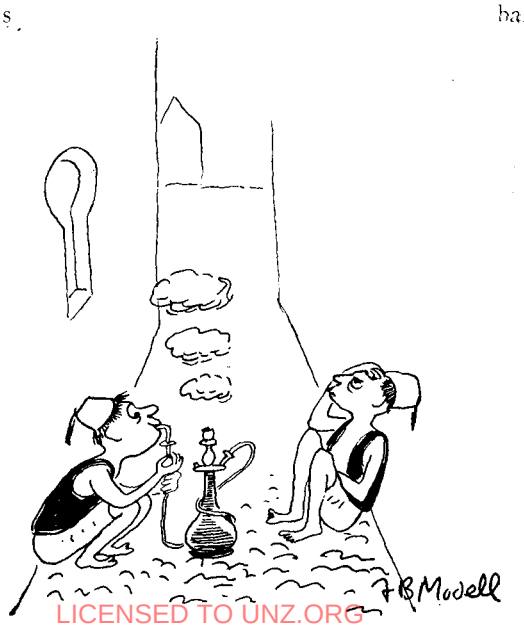
ANNALS OF CRIME

OLD EIGHT EIGHTY-1

COUNTERFEITING is a prehistoric form of gainful skulduggery. The idea of money was conceived somewhere on the other side of antiquity, and so was the idea of counterfeit money. The idea of money is older than the idea of counterfeit money, but older, perhaps, by no more than a few minutes. There is evidence of the use of both the genuine article and the counterfeit article in the earliest recorded civilizations, and it has been established that primitive tribes had both good money and bad money before there were any civilizations to record. It seems that immediately after certain people realized that they could easily make tokens to represent cumbersome property, such as collections of animal skins and stores of foodstuffs, certain other people awoke to the fact that they could just as easily make tokens to represent the tokens that represented the cumbersome property. The two ideas are so closely related that they are practically twins, and, like the products of the ideas, they are hard to tell apart. If it were not for counterfeit money, the story of money might be simply beautiful. As it is, the pattern formed by the fateful entwinement of money and counterfeit money is intricately grotesque.

Among all the rogues in history, no class has been more persistent than counterfeiters, and only thieves have been more numerous. No penalty for the crime has ever been devised that had any conclusive effect on the obstinacy of counterfeiters or on the popularity of counterfeiting. Civilized people with money they hope is valuable have always possessed a fierce abhorrence of money they know is worthless, and their treatment of counterfeiters has come close to being savage. Until comparatively recent times, by thinking up and carrying out punishments for counterfeiters, civilized people went as far as they are likely to go in that direction. Some of the earliest counterfeiters laboriously clipped coins around the edges and passed the clipped coins on to their fellow-citizens. Then they manufactured counterfeit coins, using the valuable metal they had clipped to make a thin coating for them. To discourage this kind of thing, some of the earliest sound-money men laboriously clipped counterfeiters around the edges, beginning with their ears and going on from there. During the formative period of the Roman Empire the ears of counterfeiters were cut off and the counterfeiters were also deprived of their citizenship rights. Later on, the noses of Roman counterfeiters were cut off, along with their ears and their citizenship rights. By the time the Roman civilization reached its apex, the hands, feet, noses, ears, and citizenship rights of counterfeiters were clipped away one after another, and the same counterfeiters were then forthrightly castrated. What was left of them was thrown into an arena full of hungry lions. Unclipped and uneaten counterfeiters do not seem to have been deterred by the threat of these penalties.

As the Roman civilization declined, counterfeiting became increasingly popular and was taken up by people in all walks of Roman life. Following a course that had been experimented with in earlier civilizations, counterfeiting was carried on by many respectable individuals and eventually by the State itself. Senators, lawyers, physicians, merchants, and empire builders from the best Roman families were caught counterfeiting. Emperors who believed in a sound currency unhesitatingly fed these leading citizens to the lions, after they had been deprived of their citizenship rights and otherwise clipped. After Nero became emperor, he found the idea of counterfeiting inviting and, in his imperial position, was carried away by the wonderful simplicity of it. The bizarre design formed by the mixture of money and counterfeit money reached a kind of decadent perfection under Nero. Using the government mints, he brought about a synthesis of the two opposing ideas. He turned out worthless leaden replicas of good silver coins in such great quantities that the Roman monetary system collapsed and many civilized Europeans went back to the barter system.



With minor variations, this preposterous cycle has been repeated many times since the fall of the Roman Empire. During the Renaissance, after a counterfeiter had been thoroughly clipped, his eyes were gouged out and he was then drawn, quartered, reassembled, and burned at the stake. Monarchs grew accustomed to having some of their most trusted courtiers and some of their most respected civic and religious leaders brought before them as convicted counterfeiters. On the whole, they punished these almost as severely as they punished common counterfeiters, showing only occasional flashes of leniency. When, for example, the Abbot of Messenden was caught making and passing counterfeit coins, King Edward III stipulated that he be hanged and drawn but, in view of his calling, not clipped or quartered. Henry VIII, like Nero, went in for counterfeiting as the head of the state, and so debased his currency that it collapsed. Various kings of France ruined their currencies in the same way. Through the ages, counterfeit money has caused the downfall of one monetary system after another, with the result that nations have periodically given up the idea of money and have gone back to the barter system. Civilized people have nevertheless been inclined to think of money as a civilized idea and have been amazed whenever they have discovered that uncivilized people had money. Tacitus records the fact that the barbarous Goths and even the undeveloped, loose-lipped Franks had monetary systems, although they lived in wooden huts and didn't have slaves. Tacitus writes about this in the tone of a dumfounded historian. The Pilgrims who landed in New England thought money would be something new to the Indians. When they found that the half-naked, red-skinned aborigines, using their primitive heads, had conceived and developed the idea of money, and seemed to be devoted to it, they were flabbergasted and, according to some memoirs, aggrieved.

THE tribulations of the early white settlers in New England were multiplied by the fact that while certain Indians had been engaged in

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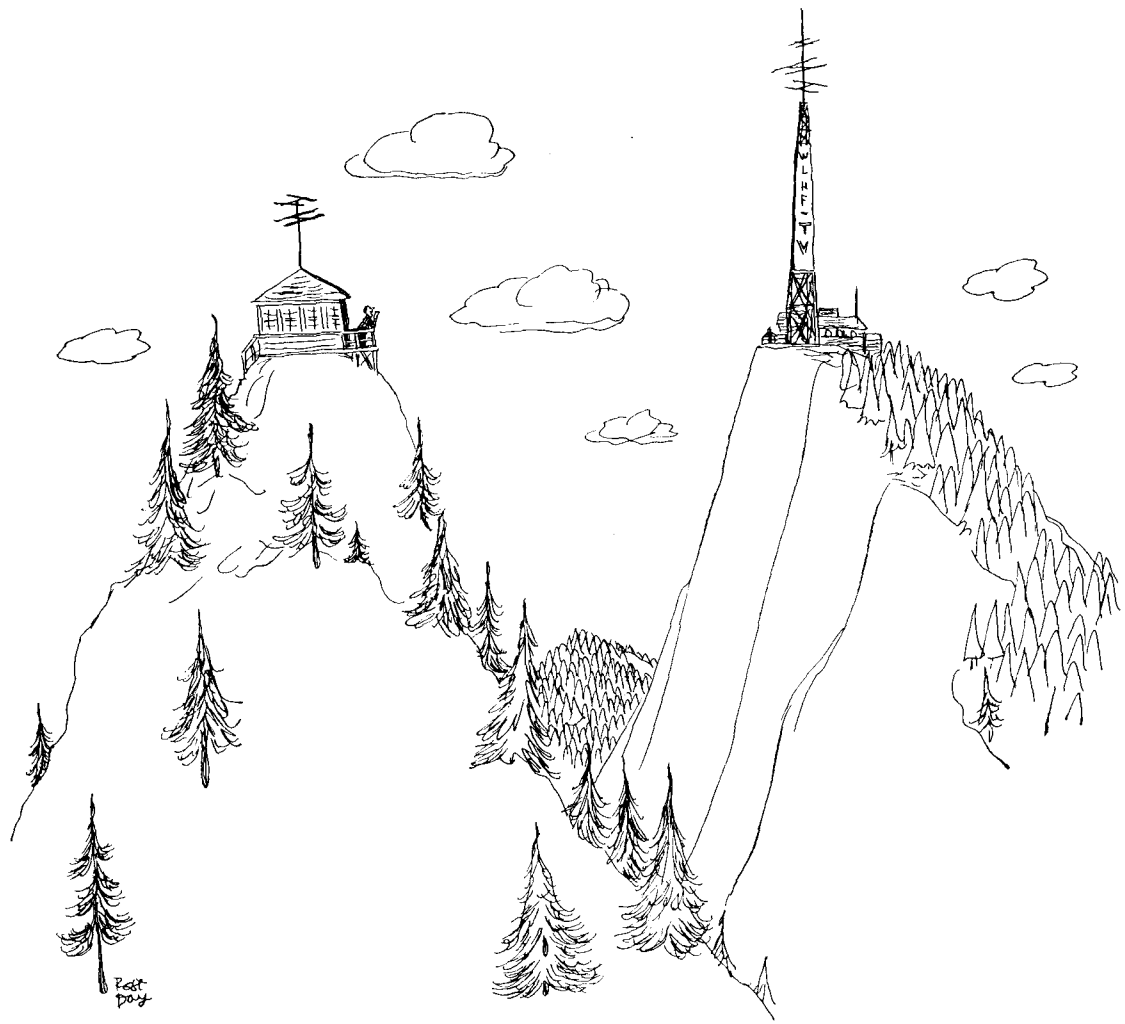

"It's coming in fine."

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establishing a monetary system based on wampum, certain other Indians had been engaged in hacking at that monetary system by making counterfeit wampum. The Pilgrims were accustomed to biting coins and ringing them vigorously on cobblestones to make sure they weren't counterfeit. The Indians were accustomed to spitting on strings of blue wampum and rubbing the shell beads vigorously to make sure that they were the hearts of genuine quahog clamshells and weren't just pieces of cheap white sea shells that had been dyed blue with the juice of wild huckleberries by Indian counterfeiters. In the beginning, the Pilgrims didn't know how to detect counterfeit wampum and the Indians didn't know how to detect counterfeit coins. In spite of their privileged upbringing, the Pilgrims were at a disadvantage. Either because they hadn't had much money or because they had thought they wouldn't need it in a place like America, they had brought very little of it with them. There was a shortage of both genuine and counterfeit coins in early Colonial times, whereas there was an abundance of both genuine and counterfeit wampum. Wampum was therefore enthusiastically adopted by the Pilgrims as the medium of exchange. The Pilgrims soon found themselves stuck with fathoms of counterfeit wampum that rascally Indians had passed on them. When the Pilgrims tried to pass it back, even the most ignorant Indian would look at it, spit on it, rub it, drop it on the ground, fold his arms, and shake his head. In time, the Pilgrims and other early colonists learned to spit on wampum and rub it, in order to make sure that it was the real quahog. In a flurry of naïveté, they passed a sheaf of anti-counterfeit-wampum laws.

Following the Roman pattern, the legal penalties for Colonial counterfeiters were at first mild. In 1647, for example, the General Court of Elections in Their Majesties' Colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations ordered that "if the Indians shall offer to putt away upon exchange or barter their false peag string beads [wampum] for good, and warrant it to be so, and it be found otherwise, it shall be confiscated to the Public Treasury." This measure appears to have put the savage red men in their place, but it wasn't long before some of the frailer white men began making counterfeit wampum, on a scale that Indian counterfeiters had never envisioned. The first glass beads presented to the Indians of New England were designed to look not like glass beads but like wampum, and they were accepted as wampum by both undiscerning Indians and undiscerning palefaces. In the beginning, the white counterfeiters got this counterfeit wampum from England, where it was made in undercover factories. Later, they established undercover glass-wampum factories over here. What penalties were meted out to these counterfeiters is not known, but it is a matter of historical record that the chaos they created caused the collapse of the wampum currency.

By 1690, paper money, in the form of bills of credit, was being used in place of wampum. In the same year, counterfeit bills of credit were being used in place of genuine bills of credit. The use of money and the counterfeiting of it retained most of their traditionally weird aspects. The first recorded trial of counterfeiters on this continent took place in Rhode Island in 1704. Among those convicted of knowingly passing counterfeit bills of credit was Peregrine White, Jr., a son of the Peregrine White who was born aboard the Mayflower on its first trip over and is generally called "the first native white American." Young Peregrine told where he had got the bad paper, pleaded guilty, testified for the prosecution, and got off with a fine and only three months in jail. Of the others, who were found guilty of printing, as well as passing, the fake bills of credit, one was sentenced to "sit in the pillory for one hour on a lecture day, and then and there have one ear cut off [and] to suffer twelve months' imprisonment." Counterfeiting in America had, by these primeval steps, reached the clipping stage. The penalty for it was swiftly raised

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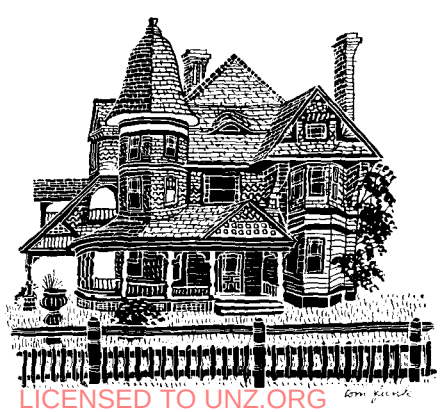
to two ears per counterfeiter, and heavier prison terms were imposed, along with longer stretches in the pillory. Counterfeiting increased. Soon Colonial counterfeiters were publicly whipped after both ears had been cut off and they were then nailed to the pillory instead of being allowed to shift around while sitting in it. By this time there were many women counterfeiters. Some of them were grandmothers of the daughters of the American Revolution. They, too, were whipped, but instead of their ears' being clipped, their heads were shaved. Still later, Colonial counterfeiters, no matter who or what, were hanged. Counterfeiting became even more popular. The currency based on bills of credit collapsed.

In 1772, Colonel Philip Schuyler made a speech, before the General Assembly of the Province of New York, in which he proposed that "paper money be backed with the devices of an all-seeing eye in the clouds, a cart and a coffin, three felons on a gallows, a weeping father and mother and several small children, a burning pit, human figures poured into it by fiends, and a label with the words 'Let the Counterfeiter Rot.'" The Assembly decided that it would be too expensive to put all that on the back of a piece of paper money. It did authorize money with "'Tis Death to the Counterfeit" boldly printed on the back. Counterfeiters found it easy to reproduce this simple phrase, and light-heartedly did so. The new currency soon collapsed. Counterfeiting caused the disintegration of various other paper currencies, both before and after the American Revolution. During the Revolution, the British government used its own printing presses for counterfeiting and flooded America with spurious Continental dollars. Its intention was to create a financial panic, which, it was hoped, would stop the Revolution. The most memorable result of its effort was the expression "not worth a Continental."

COUNTERFEITING is still going on in this country, but it is no longer as profitable or as popular as it used to be. It is not widely regarded as a practice that will cause the collapse of the present American monetary system. Contemporary counterfeiters, when they are caught, are usually sent to federal penitentiaries, where only their hair is clipped. One reason for the decline of counterfeiting in the United States is that it is now extremely difficult and fairly expensive to make bad American money that looks and feels anything like good American money. Another reason is that it is just about impossible for an ordinary counterfeiter to stay in business very long without being caught by the United States Secret Service.

The Secret Service is responsible for protecting the nation's Presidents from assassins and the nation's currency from counterfeiters. It is made up of conscientious and overworked men who carry out their duties quietly, anonymously, and with an efficiency that approaches omniscience. Since the Secret Service began taking care of Presidents, in 1901, no President has been assassinated, and in the fiscal year 1948 only $137,318 out of the $27,902,858,000 of American money in circulation was discovered to be counterfeit. The Secret Service is the all-seeing eye in the clouds that Colonel Schuyler wistfully dreamed of in pre-Revolutionary days. In 1948, Secret Service men seized $2,948,437 in counterfeit money before the counterfeiters who made it were able to put it into circulation.



The most sought-after counterfeiter there has ever been in this country was one called Old Eight Eighty by Secret Service men. Between 1938 and 1948, he was known to the Secret Service only by the bills he passed. Their name for him was derived from the number of the official file that was kept on him at Secret Service Headquarters, in Washington—No. 880. He was not an ordinary counterfeiter. He was a counterfeiter of one-dollar bills. When a man is a counterfeiter, the temptation to make a whole lot of money, and to make it fast, is more nearly irresistible and seemingly more easily gratified than it is in any other line of work, honest or dishonest. Counterfeiters are greedy men when they take up counterfeiting or else become greedy men soon afterward. Old Eight Eighty's lack of greed was unique and indicated a restraint on his part that bordered on asceticism. He turned out only one-dollar bills and he passed no more than forty or fifty of them a month.

When Old Eight Eighty passed his first counterfeit dollar bill, at a cigar store on Broadway near 102nd Street, in November, 1938, the proprietor—a busy man, who ran the store without assistants—didn't look at the bill or feel it carefully when he accepted it. That afternoon, he took it to the neighborhood bank, as part of his day's de-

LINES ON THE SEA

The sky's lip and the sea's lip shut in peace.
The horizontal is the line of calm.
Masts move across it: pygmy verticals.
Speeding diagonals of leaning sails
startle awake the eye that's drowsed with trust.
All's well, the horizon says. Peace—peace.
Time and more time is man's, whether for commerce
or purely for being, and knowing that he is.

But there's an unseen perpendicular
from the horizon, and every drowned man slides
down it to such an everlasting peace
as skyline never speaks of to the nerves.
Sane, living men refuse it. Every ship
keeps watch against that hanging rope. The sailor
would rather think the ocean wide than deep.

Thus he moves horizontally. His eyes
narrow for panoramas. His glance goes
laterally, to the land, where verticals
are skyscrapers and silos, towers, trees,
and even the little vertical of man
is blocked out solid in a capital I.

—DILYS BENNETT LAING

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"Now I see my mistake."

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posit. A teller detected it. He deducted one dollar from the cigar-store proprietor's deposit slip and told him the law required that the bank turn a bad bill over to the Secret Service. In keeping with the efficiency of this branch of the Treasury Department, a Secret Service man questioned the proprietor of the cigar store the very next day. The proprietor said that he had no idea who had slipped him the counterfeit bill. Although he was frequently interrupted by customers, he received from the Secret Service man a full course of instruction in the detection of counterfeit bills and was told to call the traffic cop on the corner if anybody tried to pass another one on him. Old Eight Eighty's dollar bill was sent to the Secret Service Headquarters, where it was given a routine going over by some students of counterfeit money in the Secret Service laboratory in the Treasury Building and then sent on to the technical laboratory at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing for a full analysis.

Before it can wear out, all United States currency that is not destroyed or hoarded eventually is turned in to the Treasury. Counterfeit money is usually detected by individuals or banks and turned over to the Secret Service before it reaches that stage. The Secret Service laboratory has a file on every series of counterfeit bills that has ever come to its attention. Most of these files are marked "Closed," which means that the counterfeiter who made the plates from which the bills were printed is in a federal penitentiary, or, having served his sentence, is being checked up on from time to time by the Secret Service, or is known to have stopped making counterfeit money, or is known to be dead. The files marked "Open" contain the products of counterfeiters who are still active and for whom the Secret Service is looking. The men in the laboratory can tell one counterfeiter's work from another's almost as surely as fingerprint experts can tell one fingerprint from another.

Practically all counterfeit paper money these days is produced by a photoengraving process. The counterfeiter takes photographs of both sides of a genuine bill, makes engravings from them, and from the engravings prints his counterfeit money. Genuine money is printed from handmade steel engravings. These engravings are by first-class artists. There are today only five or six artists in this country who can draw with an engraver's tool on a piece of steel a portrait that is as warm and lifelike as the portrait of George Washington that appears on dollar bills or the portrait of Abraham Lincoln on five-dollar bills, or those of other great Americans on larger bills. In these portraits, the hair and/or whiskers look real, the faces possess verisimilitude, and the eyes have the highlights and shadows of open, living, human eyes. The artists who draw these portraits and the craftsmen who produce the intricate designs elsewhere on the bills make an honest living working for the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. Counterfeiters' attempts to copy the portraits and decorations on modern United States currency by working freehand with an engraver's tool on a piece of steel have invariably resulted in counterfeit bills that are easier to detect than those made by the photoengraving process.

In the entire period since a national currency was introduced, in 1863, only one counterfeiter has turned up who was a good enough artist to copy a genuine bill with any success by the freehand method, but he didn't try to do it with an engraver's tool. He worked with a camel's-hair brush on paper, drawing a single hundred-dollar bill at a time. His name was Emanuel Ninger. He was known to the Secret Service men as Jim the Penman until he was caught by them, in 1896. His method was to place a genuine hundred-dollar bill under

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strong light beneath it. He would then trace the outlines of the portrait and other designs on a piece of paper of the right size. Then, with magnificent draftsmanship, he would copy the portrait and the designs, using only his camel's-hair brush and his own green and black inks. Like the artists who work for the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, he was a genius in his way, and his counterfeit bills were works of art in their way. They were so nearly perfect that banks accepted them. Jim the Penman's first counterfeit bill went through many hands and was detected as a counterfeit only when it was examined by the Secret Service after it had been turned in at the Sub-Treasury in New Orleans. The Secret Service looked for Jim the Penman for many years and caught up with him, at last, in Jersey City. Secret Service men followed him around for a few days and then arrested him in the act of getting one of his hundred-dollar bills changed in a New York bank. His camel's-hair brush and his paper and ink were confiscated, and he was sent to a federal penitentiary. He made only a modest living by passing his works of art. He could have earned much more than that by helping the Bureau of Engraving and Printing make genuine money, but there was, as he explained, something about counterfeiting that appealed to him.

Counterfeiters have found that the portraits, as well as the subtle shadings of the borders and other features of United States currency, lose much of their clarity and liveness in the photo-engraving process. In order to produce even a fair plate, a counterfeiter must first make a photograph of the bill and retouch it by hand, strengthening as best he can the fine lines that would otherwise be lost when the engraving is made. Striving for an unattainable perfection, the counterfeiter then usually tries to etch in on the plate some of the lines and shadings that didn't, in spite of the retouching, come through clearly. This freehand work makes the finished counterfeit bill look a trifle more nearly genuine, but to the men who work in the Secret Service laboratory it also gives each series of counterfeit bills a distinctive quality. This helps them in their efforts to tell counterfeiters apart and, in time, to catch them.

WHEN Old Eight Eighty's first counterfeit dollar bill was examined at the Secret Service laboratory, it was found to be unlike any other counterfeit bill, of any denomination, in the files. There was no open file of dollar bills, because in the late nineteen-thirties no counterfeiter besides Old Eight Eighty considered it worth while to make a business of turning out dollar bills. Even in the closed files, which go back to the earliest days of counterfeiting in the United States, there weren't many cases of counterfeit dollar bills. A new "open" file was set up. At first, the counterfeiter was known among Secret Service men as Eight Eighty, but in a few years his case achieved the distinction of being the oldest of the open cases in the Secret Service files, and it was then that they began calling him *Old* Eight Eighty. During the ten years they looked for Old Eight Eighty, they arrested and convicted thirteen hundred and eighty-five other persons on counterfeiting charges and seized $3,458,235 in counterfeit money before it got into circulation. The hardest man they ever tried to catch was Old Eight Eighty.

The lengths to which counterfeiters have gone in trying to outwit the modern American monetary system is exceeded only by the lengths to which the Secret Service has gone in unmasking modern American counterfeiters. In their time, Secret Service men have caught residents of New York's Chinatown who bored tiny holes in the edges of gold pieces, dug out most of the gold inside, and refilled the hollowed coins with cement or mud. They have caught counterfeiters who minted, in portable mints they carried around in their automobiles, fairly good-looking pewter fifty-cent pieces. They have caught counterfeiters who shaved Lincoln's portrait off the fronts of genuine five-dollar bills without damaging the backs of the bills, replaced it with a conveniently proportioned likeness of a New York judge that had appeared on some campaign leaflets, and, after raising the numerals and lettering, passed the bills in the jurist's own neighborhood as twenty-dollar bills. Secret Service men have posed as counterfeiters, and as wholesale buyers of counterfeit money, and have by other hazardous means broken up ring after ring of mass-production counterfeiters with influential underworld connections. They once put two especially persistent counterfeiters behind prison bars and afterward found that they were going right on counterfeiting behind the bars.

Most of the counterfeiters the Secret Service men have caught, or have ever heard of, were extraordinarily clever

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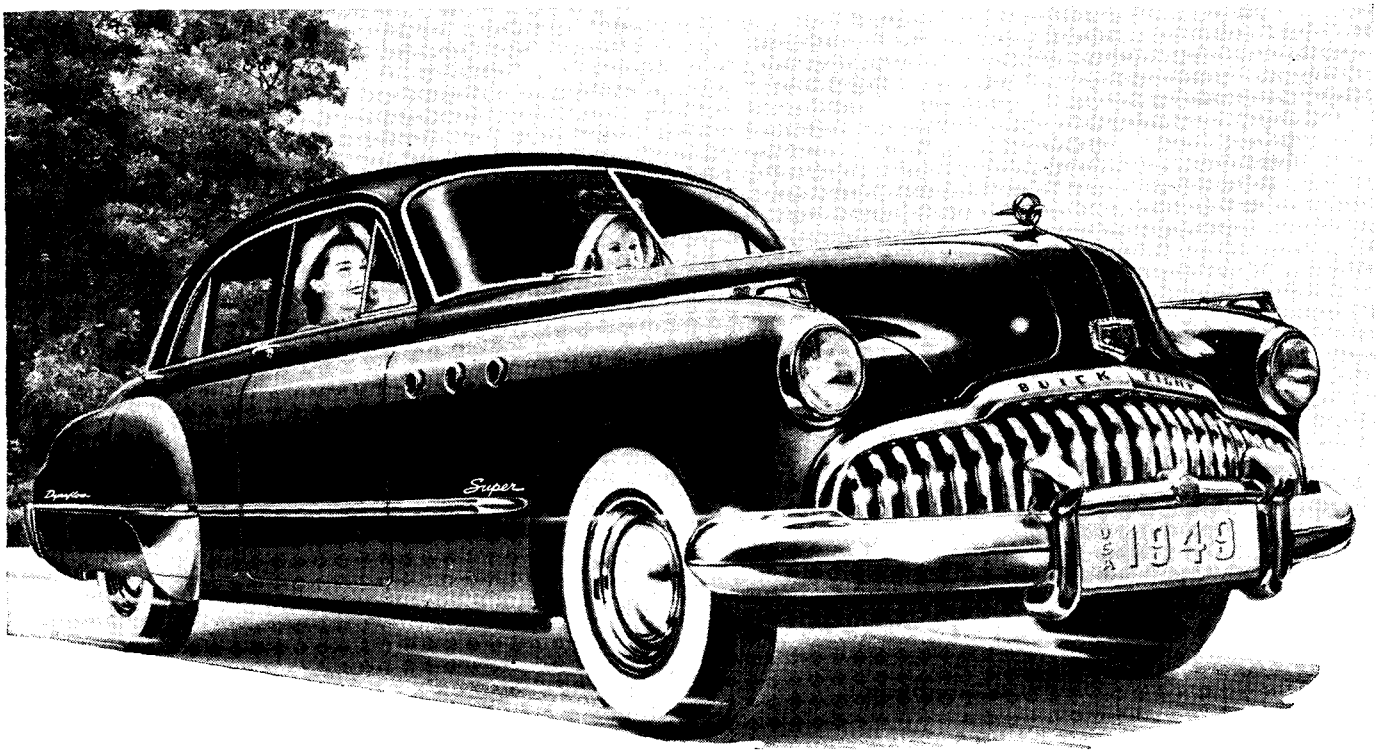

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Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
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craftsmen. Old Eight Eighty was so inept that his counterfeit one-dollar bills were laughable if they were even casually looked at or felt. His clumsily retouched portrait of Washington was murky and deathlike. His border work and his numerals and lettering were botched. The paper he used was an inexpensive bond paper that can be bought at any stationery store. Old Eight Eighty kept passing the things, though, and he passed them at what the Secret Service considered a hideously humble rate. None of his fellow-citizens ever looked at or felt his dollar bills when he passed them. They were, after all, only dollar bills. When people discovered that they had been stuck with them, they were, it seems, taught a lesson only to the extent that the loss of a dollar ever teaches the average American a lesson. Long before the Secret Service men caught up with Old Eight Eighty, in the spring of 1948, and arrested him in the kitchen of his sunny, top-floor tenement flat near Broadway and Ninety-sixth Street, he was, besides being known to them as Old Eight Eighty, generally recognized by them as the most exasperating counterfeiter of all time, and the least greedy. His name was Edward Mueller. He was well over seventy by then—a mild, cheerful-looking old fellow, with bright-blue eyes, a fringe of snowy hair over his ears, a wispy white mustache, and a toothless grin that all Secret Service men who ever saw him found unforgettable.

—ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY

(This is the first of a series of three articles.)

•

BERKELEY, CALIF., July 16—(AP)—Thrice-wed crooner Rudy Vallee, 48, and 21-year-old Eleanor Kathleen Norris plan to announce their engagement tomorrow.

Vallee has been married three times. His last wife was actress Jane Greer, who was 19 when he wed her in 1943. They were divorced the next year.

Wolves apparently mate for life, and the father aids in rearing the family.

—*Providence Journal.*

How about printers? We've heard they never have time to mate at all.

•

WHOOPS WE DOUBT EVER GOT WHOOPED

[*From the Seattle Times*]

"California is going to have fine crews again next year, but we must set our sights on having the kind of crews which will bow to no rival." The entire Washington squad whooped "Let's do just that."

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death of a Salesman
Morosco Theatre West 45th St., N. Y.
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RALPH BELLAMY in
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HUDSON Thea. 44th St. E. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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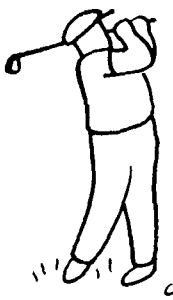
TEE AND GREEN

Invasion Repelled



DESPITE the lopsided victory—ten matches to two—of the Americans over the British in last week's play for the Walker Cup, at the Winged Foot Golf Club, in Mamaroneck, it wouldn't astonish me too much to see a member of the British team win the United States Amateur Championship next week at Rochester. For example, if Ronald White, the young Lancashire solicitor who had a hand in both British victories (he and Joseph Carr beat the No. 1 American team of Willie Turnesa and Ray Billows in the foursome play, and he went on to defeat Turnesa, our current amateur champion, 4 and 3, in the singles), can keep his game at its present peak, he stands as good a chance as anyone in the field. Two other members of the British team who are quite capable of defeating our best players are James Bruen, Jr., and Max McCready, both Irishmen. Bruen, an insurance broker who refers to himself as a weekend golfer, was far off his stride in his short game, but a week of practice could easily put him back in the form that won him the British Amateur three years ago. McCready, who beat Turnesa and Frank Stranahan on successive days last spring to win this year's British Amateur, also suffered from occasional uncertainty around the greens, but he, too, should have that part of his game under control by next Monday.

The man—or, rather, boy—on the British side whose potentialities most impressed me was Arthur Perowne, a nineteen-year-old farmer from Norwich. He has a fine, controlled swing, respectable length off the tee and through the green, and a sensitive putting touch. His principal fault, I thought, was the abrupt manner in which he addressed himself to difficult shots. Time and again he played from traps or heavy rough near the greens without seeming to give more than the hastiest of glances at his lie, the slope of the green, and so on. The shots were ones that Stranahan, say, or Turnesa would probably have pondered for three or four minutes before attempting. Perowne is a determined player who has no thought of giving up while there is still a mathematical chance of his winning. In the morning round of his singles match with Charles Kocsis, the Michigan veteran who ordinarily plays right-handed but is sufficiently ambidextrous to have broken 80 playing left-handed, the youngster was badly off form and found himself eight down at the end of the first fourteen holes—enough to dishearten practically anyone. Nevertheless, he played the next seventeen holes in sixty-six strokes, winning back six holes and a large part of the gallery. Kocsis finally beat him, on the thirty-fourth hole, but he had to shoot a birdie to do it.

CONSIDERING the calibre of the players, who are presumably the best amateurs in the world today, the scores at Winged Foot were surprisingly high. Robert Riegel, of Upper Darby, Pennsylvania, the reformed football player who didn't take up golf until after he finished college, eleven years ago, was the only player on either team to break par, a feat he managed by just one stroke in beating Bruen, 5 and 4. Two other Americans—Stranahan and James McHale—were one and two over par, respectively, in their singles matches. None of the rest on either side was even close. The chief reason for all this, I guess, was the condition of the greens, many of which were dotted with bare patches where the club's greens committee had made last-minute efforts to remove some bothersome weeds. Bare patches, no matter how carefully they are rolled, are bound to introduce a sizable element of luck into the sinking of long putts. Otherwise, the course was in excellent shape.

CHIPS AND PUTTS: Carr's drive on the four-hundred-and-thirty-yard eighteenth hole in the morning round of the foursome play stopped only about seventy-five yards short of the green. To be sure, there was a following breeze, but it was still a tremendous blow. . . . Sedentary galleryites were delighted to find that they could follow the proceedings without ever having to leave the clubhouse. Men with walkie-talkie radio units accompanied each match and résumés of the play were broadcast through loudspeakers in the bar and on the terrace.

—P. W. W., JR.

•

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—Headline in the Washington Post.

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with CONRAD NAGEL
RICHARD HART JEAN CASTO
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A VICTORY FOR SNAIL

SIENA

PROBABLY the oldest race meeting in the world, and certainly the most uninhibited, is the one held twice a year in Siena for the Palio, which is a painted silk flag, passed on from winner to winner, depicting the Madonna with allegorical flourishes. The present Palio is only about three hundred years old, but the meeting itself was already a well-established fixture of Sienese life when a horse owned by Cesare Borgia won it on August 15, 1492, in a race that—not surprisingly, in view of the Borgia family's reputation—was protested by the Marquis of Mantua, whose entry ran second. The Palio—the name applies to the event as well as the trophy—appears to have originally been a bullfight; later it developed into a race between wild oxen with jockeys perched on their backs, and was accompanied by a sideshow enlivened by swordsmen, wild beasts, and dancing girls. It was in the fifteenth century that it evolved into a horse race—a horse race, that is to say, by local standards. A procession of Sienese in medieval costumes starts things off, and then the horses, ten of them, go tearing three times around the lovely Piazza del Campo, a semicircular market place surrounded by impressive thirteenth- and fourteenth-century buildings, in the center of the town. The total distance is three-quarters of a mile, the horses are ridden bareback, and casualties are often high. There are two very steep inclines to negotiate, and one of these, known as the San Martino corner, is a deathtrap. Sometimes a horse or his rider, or both, will hurtle clean out of the piazza and down the Via San Martino, a circumstance that has given rise to a Sienese saying that anyone who is late or has got lost has "gone to San Martino." In the Palio that I saw this summer, all but three of the jockeys were thrown, and in a series of even less formal preliminary races, run off over a period of days before the main event in order to condition the horses, one animal suffered a concussion and another broke a leg and had to be destroyed.

It is difficult for a foreigner viewing the Palio to get a really firm grip on the rules. As in "Through the Looking Glass" or Samuel Butler's "Erewhon," everything here is turned inside out and done just the opposite of the way it is done everywhere else. To begin with, the mere fact that a horse loses his jockey is not grounds for disqualification. Then, too, there is no prize money; far from being a secular affair, the meeting is consecrated and blessed by the Church, and the horses run for the honor of the Virgin Mary. On the other hand, bribery and corruption come right out into the open; it is not the horse that counts so much as the skill with which his admirers have been able to seduce or browbeat those who have influence over the jockeys of his rivals. If an attempt is made to enter a horse bred for racing, the animal is immediately ruled out by the judges, the idea being that all the entries must be as ordinary and as nearly alike as possible. Horses are not entered by private owners; each is sponsored by one entire district of the city. It is the practice of the jockeys to whip not their horses but each other, and sometimes they do so very cruelly indeed. The enthusiasm, bordering on delirium, with which the whole city—nuns, bishops, politicians, and merchants alike—takes part in these proceedings is something that ought to make an interesting subject for research, one of these days, by students of Mediterranean culture, under the aegis, perhaps, of Unesco or the Rockefeller Foundation.

IT was extremely hot when I arrived here the day before the race, and excitement was already running high. As usual, each of the seventeen districts of Siena, which are known by the names of their traditional symbols, had announced its intention of competing, but as there is room for only ten horses to race in the piazza, seven entries had, also as usual, been eliminated by lot three weeks before the race. This time, the districts of Giraffe, She-Wolf, Owl, Unicorn, Eagle, Wave, and Panther were excluded. The ten fortunate districts were Caterpillar, Porcupine, Goose, Sea Shell, Ram, Tower, Snail, Wood, Tortoise, and Dragon, and their entries, as is customary, were named after them. Of these, Goose, a bay nag from a district with an impressive record of victories, had at first looked to be about the best thing going. But in Siena they don't like any particular district to win the race too often, and Goose was brought heavily to the ground in one of the early preliminaries. Everyone agreed there had been no accident about it. Two rival jockeys had seen to it that he was tripped up, and now he was under the care of a horse doctor, being treated for concussion.

A Professor Sorbi, who deals

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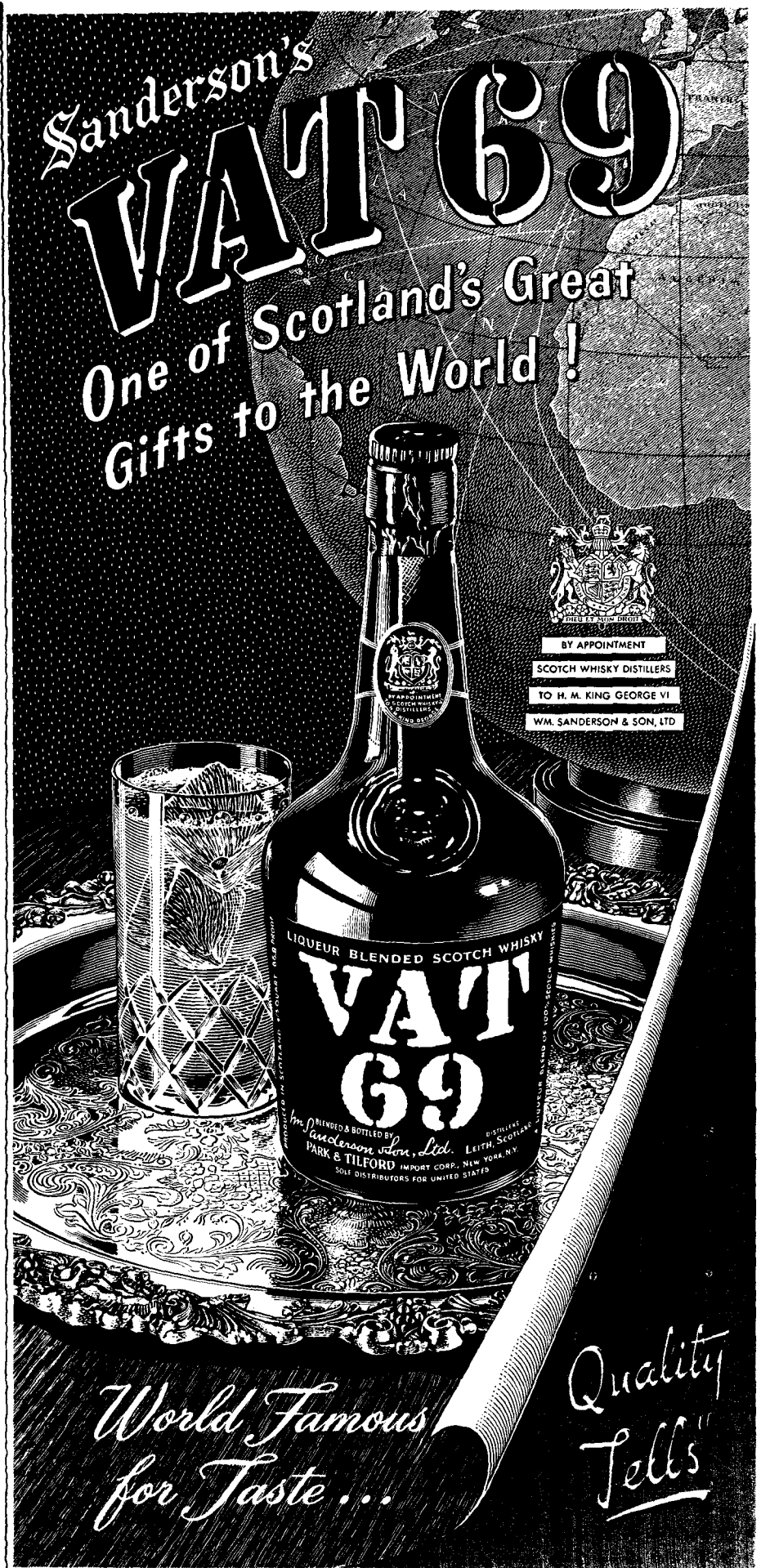
in horse medicines and penicillin, offered to show me around the town and make sure that I got the best possible view of the proceedings. He told me that of the remaining nine entries, it was generally conceded that Sea Shell would be the favorite, "subject, of course, to what bribes are given and what other arrangements are made this evening between the leaders of the districts." It was quite likely, he said, that two districts would arrange to have their jockeys bump the favorite off the course. They might do this either just for the hell of it or because they knew they had no chance themselves and wanted some horse other than the favorite to win. Indeed, said Professor Sorbi, it was more than likely that a jockey who found himself on a worthless animal would start lashing out with his whip at the other jockeys even before the barrier went up, on the simple principle that that would probably be the last opportunity he would get to do so. "There is always a certain amount of confusion," Professor Sorbi said. I asked about betting and he assured me that there would be none. Betting is held to be unworthy of an event that involves the glory of the Madonna. And anyway, since neither form, breeding, nor the jockeys' skill has much to do with the outcome, one would have considerable difficulty figuring out how to place a wager.

TOWARD evening, when a slight breeze and the long shadows of the palaces made the heat more bearable, the people of Siena poured down the streets into the piazza to see the final preliminary before the race, on the morrow. Just inside the periphery of the piazza a temporary railing, or balustrade, had been set up, around which the horses were to run. Sea Shell looked a fairly unpromising beast, but Professor Sorbi said that that was to be expected; Palio horses, far from being bloodstock, are simply average hacks from the surrounding countryside. What one looks for in a Palio horse is weight, robustness, and a certain sang-froid in times of crisis—qualities, one imagines, that were required of medieval war horses. Experience, too, is a big factor. Just as good wine is said to stir in the bottle each time spring comes around, some of the older Palio horses grow restless as race day approaches. These veterans become expert at buffeting for position. Not long ago, one old-timer ended a successful career at the age of eighteen by winning under a jockey a few months younger than himself.

After a bad start in the final preliminary, Sea Shell ran very nicely un-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til, the second time around, he was hurled against the rail near the judges' box. It was impossible to tell exactly how it happened because the other horses were milling about, and at once the crowd rushed onto the course and began pressing in close to the animal's jockey in an effort to find out. When the police had restored something like order, it was found that Sea Shell had a broken leg. He was shot a few hours later. The incident was regarded as particularly unfortunate because for the first time in history a woman had been chosen to head the Sea Shell contingent in the Palio procession, the Princess Minne Carafa di Roccella. Professor Sorbi and I saw her later that evening, a fashionable woman in Parisian clothes, presiding at an open hearing on the incident. All the Sea Shell district, as we walked through it, was an angry and sinister place, its shops shut and its people arguing bitterly in the streets. Each district traditionally holds an eve-of-the-race banquet, but we found that there was to be none that night in Sea Shell.

Professor Sorbi had intended to take me to the Sea Shell banquet, and when that proved impossible we proceeded instead to the Tortoise banquet, at the other end of the town. The Tortoise entry now appeared to be a pretty good thing for the next day. Tortoise, a six-year-old chestnut, had been locked up for the night in the cellar of the building in which the banquet was being held, with a guard outside, and since he was unaccustomed to sleeping or eating alone, he had been given a small foal for a stable companion. A shrine to the Madonna, illuminated by an electric lamp, had been hung over his box stall. Upstairs, where the banquet was in progress, equally considerate attention was being shown the Tortoise jockey, a small, restless young man with black sideburns, who, having removed his coat, was eating *maccaroni alla Bolognese* at tremendous speed. The room was hung with sacred banners and other emblems, and there was much singing. Professor Sorbi told me that, with no offense whatever intended, neither the Tortoise jockey nor any other jockey in Siena would be left by himself that night. Two men from each jockey's district would walk with him wherever he went, sleep in the same room with him, and, finally, escort him to the race the next day. The jockeys in the Palio are usually Italian professionals from other parts of the country (though once a Negro rode and once a local country girl named Virginia). They are paid a flat fee (five hundred dollars at least, and often considerably more), and, Professor Sorbi said, it is considered unwise to let them become exposed to any source of further income, as they certainly would be if they were allowed to roam around Siena alone. Whatever friendly arrangements are made among the opponents are undertaken by the leaders of the districts, who then pass instructions on to the jockeys.

It is the complete cynicism with which the race is put on, the bland assumption that all men are inherently dishonest, that gives the Palio its special fascination. Things are done here in the dark streets of Siena on the night before the race that the imagination of stewards of more conventional race-courses could not conceivably compass. Even if a horse wins by the most dubious means, that in no way affects the honor or the sanctity of the victory. The Italian words "*onore*" and "*virtù*" are, in fact, used, almost synonymously, in their Renaissance, or Machiavellian, sense; they denote a blend of ability, pride, virility, and cunning. The end justifies the means, and honor is not a subjective thing, coming from a man's inner conviction; it is entirely objective, a prize that he must seize by any method he can. Then, too, as Machiavelli said, crime has a certain grandeur of its own.

Siena was beautiful that night as Professor Sorbi and I strolled around it after the Tortoise banquet. In summertime, the city is full of the scent of hay and gardenias. The windows of the slender gray palaces were draped with cinquecento banners, and droves of excited boys and girls came singing through the crooked streets, and it did not seem to matter much now how hot the day had been or how angry would be the fist fights that were going to develop later, over the local wine. All the squares were full of venders selling flags, toys, whistles, straw hats, fans, shawls, flowers, colored models of the horses and their riders, and hollowed-out orange and lemon halves packed with ice cream.

It was impossible for latecomers to get hotel rooms, and many visitors were obliged to sleep in their cars or in the fields outside town. People kept pour-

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ing into Siena all through the night, and there were still more arrivals in the morning—first, country people from the nearby villages, riding on bicycles or in bullock carts and wearing wide, flapping hats, and later, in automobiles, rich tourists from Rome, Florence, and Venice.

BY midafternoon on the day of the race, when the sun was overpowering, it hardly seemed possible that so much as a stray dog could be added to the throng. Siena's streets are among the narrowest in Europe, and now they were choked from wall to wall with jostling people. It was a remarkable sight to a person looking down from one of the old towers—down upon a network of small, dark streams, all flowing into one another and then eventually bursting into the great lake of the piazza. Around four o'clock, the final preparations for the race got under way. In each district that had a horse in the race, the animal was taken to the local church and led right to the altar rail, where he stood, with his jockey beside him, to be blessed. In the course of this ceremony, the priest sprinkles holy water on the horse's head while intoning in Latin, "Let this animal receive Thy blessing, O Lord, whereby it may be preserved in body and freed from every harm by the intercession of the blessed Anthony, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen." If during the ritual the horse is, as one Italian guidebook delicately puts it, "lacking in respect for the sacred place," this is regarded as a sure sign of good luck and gives rise to immense enthusiasm among his followers. At the Tortoise church, where Professor Sorbi and I managed to reach the altar rail, the ceremony went off very poorly. Not only was the horse not lacking in respect but he jibbed away madly from the priest and ducked his head to avoid the holy water. However, the beast steadied when he got outside, where the district's procession was beginning to shape up.

Processions, all pretty much alike, were being formed simultaneously in the other participating districts, the collective destination being first the cathedral and then the piazza, three blocks away. Preceding each, according to custom, was a drummer, beating his drum so furiously that the echoes bounced back and forth between the buildings until one could make no distinction between the drumbeats and the echoes. Then came two flag-throwers, executing an elaborate dance they had rehearsed since childhood. Each wove

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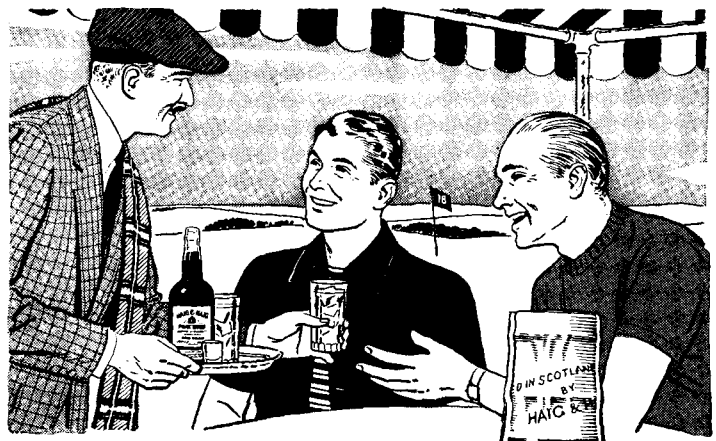

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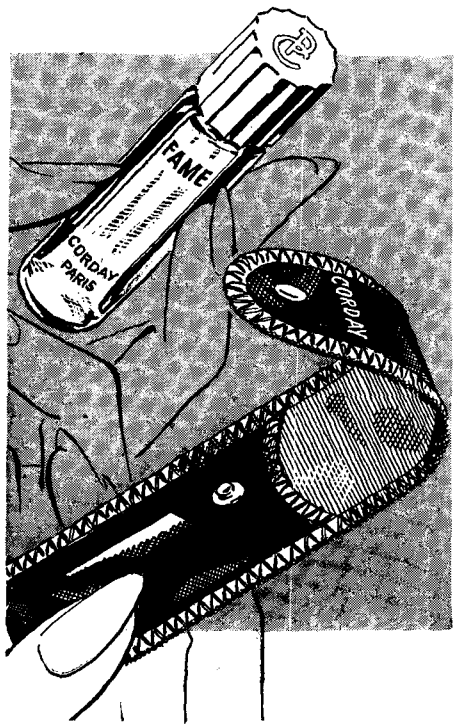

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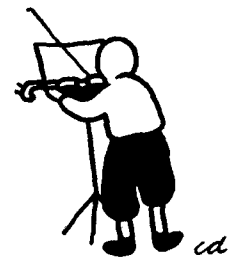
PERFUMES IMPORTED FROM FRANCE
FOR AMERICA'S SMARTEST WOMEN

CORDAY

... PARIS

his flag back and forth across his body, behind his neck, and between his legs, pivoting like a picador in a bullfight, until at last both flags shot up thirty feet in the air together, and the crowd roared with delight. Next came assorted men-at-arms and standard-bearers, dressed in costumes dating back to the Middle Ages, when taste in men's clothes was a good deal more adventurous than it is now—garments running largely to scarlet, emerald green, gold, and cerulean blue and giving the spectacle the effect of a Diaghilev ballet. Behind these marchers came a caparisoned parade horse ridden by the district's jockey, who was wearing the steel headpiece he would need by and by, when the race got started. The Palio horse, led by his groom, followed on behind with a dazed and frightened eye.



The whole show made a lovely thing to see but not a very easy one to enjoy, for something like chaos broke out among the crowd as from all sides processions poured into the square in front of the cathedral. One couldn't tell whether one was being shoved by a blacksmith or a bishop; some of the heaviest blows were delivered by nuns and other terrified women. The odor of garlic made a blanket over all. The processions marched straight into the packed crowd, which parted miraculously, like the Red Sea rolling back before the Israelites. At last they reached the cathedral, where the Palio was brought out from the high altar and placed on a bullock cart, and the Archbishop of Siena, leaning from an upper window in his palace adjoining the cathedral, blessed the crowd. Then the marchers, forming one big procession, moved on to the piazza with flags fluttering and drums beating.

BY the time Professor Sorbi and I got to the piazza, some forty thousand people had gathered inside the balustrade (free) or perched themselves on wooden stands around the outside (four dollars a seat on the shady side). Many more were clinging to the turrets and battlements of the surrounding palaces and hanging at vertiginous angles from windows. Two airplanes kept flying around overhead, trying to parachute little packets of chocolates into the throng and mostly missing. In the top of the Mangia, which some people think is the most beautiful tower in Europe, a huge bell was tolling. Down below, a layer of rich yellow Sienese earth had been spread over the paving stones of the course for the sake of the horses' hoofs, and at the San Martino corner several mattresses were trussed up against the rails, and an ambulance was standing nearby.

For an hour and a half, from six to seven-thirty, the course was filled with the procession, and the spectators cheered their favorites and cursed the others. The Sea Shell marchers went by very sadly with black crêpe hanging from their helmets and one member carrying on a sea shell a hoof of their deceased horse. However, Goose, who had been thought to be much too badly injured to compete, unexpectedly showed up and was obviously intended to run. It was widely said, and probably with truth, that the animal had been drugged to ease his pain.

Possibly the most remarkable thing about the Palio procession was that it appeared to be part of the natural life of Siena. The people participating in it, descendants of the men and women who designed the costumes, living in the same buildings and walking the same streets, managed, on the whole, to avoid that slightly embarrassed air that usually overtakes the participants in a pageant. They looked as though they might wear these incredibly gay robes and buskins every day. It seemed to be the most natural thing in the world for Beppo the bank clerk to be standing there in high-heeled shoes, long woollen hose, and a doublet of claret-colored velvet, its slit sleeves of contrasting lemon yellow, with a hawk's feather stuck in his cap, and in his hand a silver hunting horn. Only occasionally, as when one of the young performers caught sight of his mother among the spectators, did the illusion of continuous history suddenly collapse. A grin would spread over the youth's face and he would call out, "*Ciaou*, Mama! Look at me!," or, with a self-conscious smirk, wave his shield awkwardly and point to his surcoat of cloth of gold. Then it would become apparent at once that he was nothing more than Beppo the bank clerk, who would be sitting at his desk in the Banco di Roma the next morning, dreaming of motorcycles and Betty Grable.

THE race follows directly after the procession, and the start is always a haphazard business. The one I saw was, Professor Sorbi told me, even worse than most. The horses were lined up twice, and when at last they got

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away, three of them were facing in the wrong direction. Snail shot out in front at once and never lost his lead. He was seriously challenged only on the third time around, when Tortoise broke free of the field and came up at a terrific pace. Snail's jockey took one quick look behind and raised his whip, ready for action. A moment later, another horse, perhaps Caterpillar or Dragon, advanced and quite deliberately edged Tortoise against Snail. Tortoise's jockey managed to keep his balance then, but the San Martino corner was too much for him. He shot out of the saddle and clean over the heads of the crowd, and landed beside a bench filled with nuns. By then, the course was a fearful shambles, with horses toppling over or colliding with one another, and the spectators jumping over the balustrades. Snail swept past the judges in great style, and Tortoise and Caterpillar, both riderless, came in a length or two behind. Of the nine jockeys who had entered the race, only three reached the winning post.

At dawn, the residents of the Snail district were still celebrating on Tuscan wine. Later on, there will be an official celebration, and a banquet will be held in the street, with the winning horse in the place of honor. He'll get a special ration of oats. —ALAN MOOREHEAD

•

TENDERFOOT BLUES

In wintertime, as I recall,
I wished myself far from it all,
From crowds, from urgency, from clamor,
And even, preferably, from glamour;
Far from intrusions on the phone,
From waiting for the dial tone,
From cocktail parties jammed with bores,
From shopping in department stores;
Just somewhere lovely and seraphic,
So long as it was out of traffic,
Far from where committees meet,
From where one wears a tie to eat.

And now that in this summer gloaming
I scan far spaces in Wyoming—
Hours without a human sound,
No neighbors for ten miles around—
I think how cozy is the view
At noontime on Fifth Avenue,
How nice to overhear remarks
In buses, terminals, and parks,
How reassuring are the loud
Subway and the subway crowd.

O pleasant crush, O lovely din,
O sweet Manhattan, fence me in!
—IRWIN EDMAN

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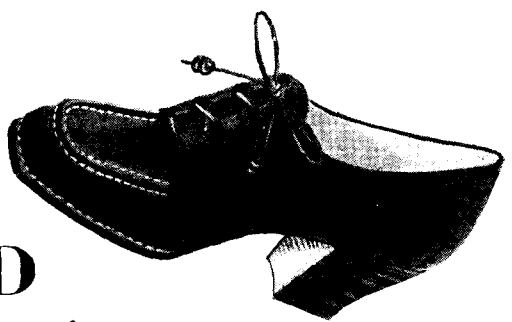

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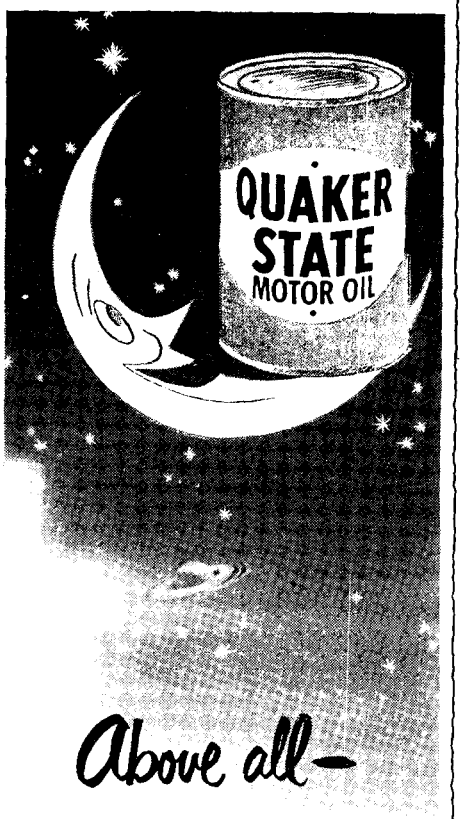

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Bob, Bob, Bobbin' Along

IN its pathetically perfect way, "Jolson Sings Again" is some sort of model of what is right and what is wrong with Hollywood. Technically, the picture is as slick and professional as a Mississippi River gambler—flamboyantly garbed, soothing as syrup, and no foundation all the way down the line. The art of dubbing here reaches what the industry calls new heights. (Why anybody should want to reach new heights in the art of dubbing is beyond me. I should think there would be more pleasure in scaling the Palisades.) As in its predecessor, "The Jolson Story," Larry Parks is on hand to impersonate Mr. Al Jolson, and once again he subjects his entire person to the authentic duplication of Jolson's every gesture. Parks' eyes roll, his face is contorted, his body sways, his Adam's apple does time and a half, he crouches and rises like some large, flapping bird; in short, he superbly imitates the genuine article. Accompanying these physical exertions, and beautifully synchronized with them (i.e., dubbed in), is the voice of Jolson, still a formidable, awesome, and grandiosely captivating instrument. Watching Parks leap about in this elaborate mechanical charade—a charade that must have required several hundred rugged man-hours of topflight studio know-how—I began to wonder why the producers didn't just photograph Jolson himself singing his wonderful songs. Why Parks at all, I asked myself. Who cares whether Parks can make his lips spell out "bob, bob, bobbin' along" at the very instant Jolson is singing "bob, bob, bobbin' along"? The answer lies, of course, in the scenario, a treacle-type historical romance of Mr. Jolson's Middle and Early Late periods, calling for an actor who starts out looking younger than he ends up. "Jolson for the part of himself?" I can hear one of the schizoid wizards who create these things saying. "Wazzamatta, ya crazy? We need a young fellow, like Larry Parks, for the early years. We gotta have versimiltude for the early years of trial and tribulation, after the divorce, when Al goes fancy—yachts, Eurpeen trips, big money on the ponies, et cetera. Once you got the young fellow, you have to keep the same fellow until Pearl Harbor! War! U.S.O. shows! Al in the Alooshuns, Al in Sicily, Al prostrated from prostration and flown back to New York City, where a beautiful nurse from Arkansas restores him to his health! More U.S.O. shows! Al tours the hospitals and, natch, meets the nurse and is hitched, and then the big comeback, when 'The Jolson Story' is filmed." And thus the plot wends its weary way to one of the strangest climaxes in cinema history, when—here the olive is stuffed with an olive—Parks, imitating Jolson, is about to have a movie made of his career in which he is to be imitated by Parks. Parks, as Jolson, is taken to look at pictures of Parks as Jolson. "Who is that fellow imitating me?" asks Parks-Jolson. "Larry Parks," says a producer. "Wanna meet him?" And he leads Parks over to meet Parks, who all along has been imitating Jolson. Isn't science wonderful, especially when united with brains?

IN "It's a Great Feeling," we have the other side of the coin. Almost everybody in this subnormal Warner Brothers musical plays himself. Joan Crawford stops by momentarily as Joan Crawford, Edward G. Robinson turns up as Edward G. Robinson, and so on. The leading lights, Jack Carson and Dennis Morgan, play Jack Carson and Dennis Morgan, respectively. The story takes place in Warners' own studio and involves a blond waitress (Doris Day) from Gurkee's Corners, Wisconsin, who wants to become a big star. In the end, disillusioned, she returns home. She never should have left home in the first place, and neither should I. . . . Likewise in the case of "The Agitator," an English importation with William Hartnell and Mary Morris, which concerns itself with a young Socialist worker who insults the owner of a factory and, to his dumb amazement, is bequeathed the plant, as well as the boss's place in the country. This worker, a man who would have difficulty operating a velocipede, relinquishes active management (holding fast to the property) just as the business is about to go to the cleaners. Obviously, some large economic moral was intended by this parable, but to hell with it.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

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DEPARTMENT OF FURTHER AMPLIFICATION

BREWSTER, N.Y.,
AUGUST 19, 1949

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
SIRS:

IN your issue of August 20th, I read with understandable interest the Department of Amplification in which John McNulty expressed doubt about my skill and speed as a reader between the ages of six and eleven and drew up a chart of my day-to-day activities to prove his point. If Alva Johnston's reply to Mr. McNulty's comments on Mr. J.'s Profile of me hasn't closed the inning, may I have a turn at bat? With no ambition to lam one of Mr. McNulty's fast ones out of the park, I would like to try bunting a few and running them out. The ball looks waist-high to me, and splitting the plate, when he assumes:

1. That the school I attended on weekdays was near the church I went to on Sundays. In nineteenth-century Kansas, nothing was near anything.

2. That I began reading books at the age of six. Not a word in the Profile implied that I was mentally retarded. By my sixth birthday, Spencer was a bit soft for me and I was giving Erasmus a try.

3. That I spent two hours a day at meals. Preposterous. When one has eight brothers and sisters, one gets one's share of a meal in ten or twelve minutes or not at all.

4. That I spent another two hours on mathematical wizardry. This is self-contradictory. A boy who spends that much time fooling with figures is not a wizard but a drudge.

Sincerely,
REX STOUT

•

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

LAST week, we uncorked a long analysis of knockabout clothes for campus or informal country wear; this week we'll wind up our inspection of things for college wardrobes with some simple, all-day-long dresses and some examples of that peculiar phenomenon known as the date dress and a couple of odds and ends. A few of the things to follow are well suited to slender women on slender budgets; most are for young people who yearn to be nicely dressed but have no immediate yearning to be fashion leaders.

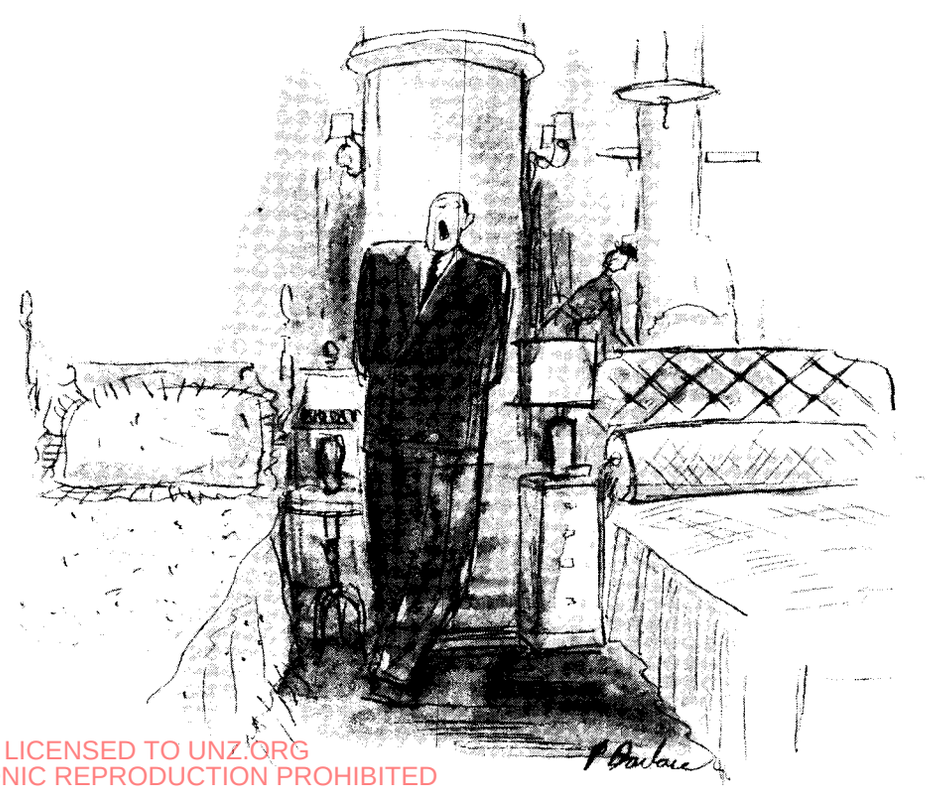
Best's selection of day dresses is outstanding, a notable offering being a natural, gray, beige, or aqua affair of thin worsted jersey, made with a turnover collar, big buttons down the bodice, short sleeves, and a skirt that has permanent fan pleats. It costs $29.95, and the wearer would be at ease anywhere in the daytime. Best also shows dresses of bright wool tartans and wool checks, with pockets providing the sole décor—some have the standard concealed hip pockets, while others have a series of pockets across the front, more or less like a gardening apron. These start at $25, and good two-piece dresses of thin wool tweeds start at $55. An exceptional dress in green, red, gray, or royal-blue thin worsted jersey sprinkled with black dots is to be found here at $19.95. Black rayon velvet makes the turnover collar, the cuffs on the three-quarter sleeves, and the narrow belt, and the skirt has gathers in the front and back. For the sort of slightly formal occasion that puts young people in mind of crisper fabrics, there is crinkled rayon taffeta with horizontal stripes of plain taffeta, which is done up into dresses with exaggerated pointed revers, short sleeves, basque bodices, and voluminous skirts—all very Dior; $35, in black, navy, gray, or brown. The same model in plain rayon taffeta and in such colors as wine, slate blue, red, and green is $29.95.

PLAYFUL people who wear junior sizes fare very well indeed at Saks Fifth Avenue, where they can poke around among such goodies as a street-length rayon taffeta dress in a plaid overlaid on a fuchsia ground. It has a the knife-pleated skirt is manipulated in a mysterious way, so that it seems to drop in arcs down the front. It's $29.95, and to cover it you can buy a black rayon velvet fitted coat with a Directoire collar, a slim bodice, padded hips, and a lining of the plaid; this is $55. Quilted black rayon satin makes a ballerina dress with a slashed décolletage jutting forward, Paris style, on the chest. Your first impression is that the dress is heavy, but Saks say it really swirls out in majestic style when you dance; $45. Saks also have a maize net deb-party evening dress with the sort of boned, strapless bodice that seems to be a fixture on such dresses. Accompanying it is a waist-length rayon faille fitted jacket that has elbow sleeves and a shawl collar. It's also maize-colored, and flecked with topaz sequins. The works goes for $55.

BONWIT TELLER is displaying, among other things, an astonishing and popular jumper of a flecked brown-and-orange tweed. It's cut on princesse lines and though low in front is high enough under the arms to be worn without a blouse—which is the way schoolgirls like to wear jumpers, the little eccentrics. The tag on this is $29.95. Then, there is Ottoman fabric (which is everywhere), in the form of a two-piece tailored black dress with a tuck-in blouse; the skirt has wide, unpressed pleats all around, and a wide black patent-leather belt encircles the waist; $39.95. For formal parties, a surefire production is a black rayon velvet dress with broad shoulder straps. There's a fold at the neckline, a gathered skirt, and a pale-blue moiré sash that ties in a big bow at the back—altogether, something that could be the mainstay of many a prom-trotter's wardrobe; $39.95.

DE PINNA's inexpensive but luxurious exhibits include a black rayon velveteen smoking jacket ($25) that has the expected black rayon faille collar and cuffs along with unexpected gold-metal buttons and could be added to many an outfit; the rayon velveteen skirt designed to go with it has a wide waistband and two wide pleats down the front; $16.95. And De Pinna is fond of a perfect street-length black corduroy dinner dress that has detachable narrow shoulder straps, which can be left at home when your mood is unfettered and strapless. There's a stiffened fold below the décolletage, and four rhinestone buttons ornament the left side of the bodice and five more the opposite hip, where a slit pocket sneaks into the full, gathered skirt. The omnipresent wide patent-leather belt appears on this one. All for $39.95.

BENDEL's Young-Timers Shop is a repository of many things that older women would like, such as a plum,



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green, brown, or black thin wool dress with a slightly slashed neck, a yoke of slot seaming, three-quarter sleeves, and a straightish skirt. It's one of those simple, effortless things, and there's a companion piece—a long, fitted jacket with high double lapels that turns it into the sort of suit you live in; $49.95 takes the outfit. For young people, Bendel offers a giddy wool dress in either the MacDuff tartan (lots of red) or the Dress Scot tartan (black and white). It has a scooped neck, short sleeves, and a circular skirt, and a matching short-sleeved jacket that is bosom-length in front, and longer and rippling in back; $55. In deference to the tradition of crispness in past seasons, there is a black quilted rayon taffeta suit that has a flared skirt and a short, fitted jacket with a rolled collar ($45), and a particularly nice black, light-navy, or mauve-pink rayon slipper-satin dress with a deep, picture-frame neck, a fitted bodice, a skirt with unpressed pleats, and a corded belt of the same material ($49.95).

WINDUP: In Bergdorf Goodman's new junior-size department, one of the best-looking fifty-dollar suits in town is lurking. It's made of thin green-beige-and-white tweed and has a straight skirt and a short, nipped jacket with self fringe edging the small, rolled collar, the hip pockets, and the cuffs. . . . Jay Thorpe's pet Izod of London creation is a masterpiece of—well, ingenuity, I guess. Its first element is a black wool crêpe sheath dress that has a standing collar, and an inverted pleat down the back of the skirt; $29.95. Its second element is a suit, of royal-blue wool with a black overplaid, consisting of a short, fitted jacket and a skirt buttoning down the front; $45. Each element is a honey by itself, but the gimmick is that you're supposed to wear either the jacket or the skirt partially unbuttoned over the dress when the spirit of variety overcomes you. Now, really! . . . Macy has a captivating black silk taffeta dress of which the basque bodice fastens with rhinestone buttons. It has short, flaring cuffed sleeves and a full skirt with gathers at each side; $32.75. If you prefer a similar confection in black rayon velvet, it's the same price. The store also boasts a good-looking red wool jersey dress with a standing collar, and shirring across the front of the bodice; the slender skirt has pleats in the front and back. This engaging (for any age, I should think, that wears sizes 10 to 16) affair costs $37.50. Macy

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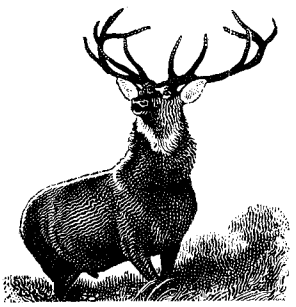

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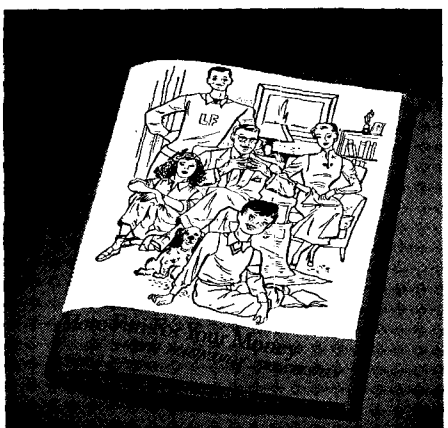

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is mad about good, honest fireman's red, especially where dormitory boudoirs are concerned. Study coats, above-ankle length, are made of red cotton corduroy and have turnover collars, buttons part way down the front, and six flaps resembling pockets. (While we are on the subject of study coats, Bloomingdale has a double-breasted street-length quilted printed-cotton robe with slanting hip pockets, at $7.95.) Macy then goes, without a titter, into red cotton flannel, which is used for two-piece pajamas trimmed with leopard-stencilled flannel. The turnover collar and the cuffs on the long sleeves are made of the stuff, and the hip pockets are edged with it; $4.64. Other red flannel pajamas have feminine white eyelet embroidery at the round neckline, down the bodice, and edging the elasticized trouser legs. It is my duty to report that these have little nightcaps to match, with eyelet embroidery coyly framing the face, as well as ankle-length bootees with white binding; also $4.64 all told.

ODDS AND ENDS: Altman has plaid rayon luggage, gay as anything. One item is a hanger-suitcase with room for from eight to twelve dresses. It's the type that opens flat and can be hung up, and it costs $35.40, including tax. There are also twenty-one-inch suitcases and shoe cases to match. . . . Still straining against terrific odds to make young women wear hats, Bergdorf blandly produces "pocket" hats. (You can roll them up and stick them in your pocket.) They're made of narrow strips of bright or dark wool. One style has a modified visor and a twist of matching wool around the crown, and another is a small-brimmed cloche with loops of wool dangling off at one side; $12.50 for either one. . . . Lord & Taylor have some cloches with rust or green suède crowns and brims of beige wool knit ($10), and cloches in pink-russet, green, or gold-color chenille that hug the ears ($8.95). They also have colored felt hats with brims and sectional crowns and grosgrain bands. You'd think that milliners would have given up young people as a dead loss before this, but you can't say the old fighting spirit is totally dead while such game struggles continue. —L. L.

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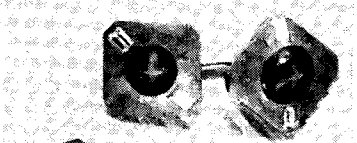

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THE RACE TRACK

Close One

IT would be hard to imagine a closer and more exciting finish than that of the Saratoga Handicap last weekend, in which Donor barely beat Stunts and My Request. It came very near to being the perfect race that track handicappers dream about, in which the top weight, one of the middle weights, and one of the more lightly weighted of, say, a dozen runners wind up in a dead heat. I can't help thinking that if Stunts hadn't forced My Request to go wide through the stretch, allowing Donor to come up on the rails, the result would have been different. There's no doubt about it, Pete Bostwick's training has improved Stunts, who used to be just another Class C animal, but Atkinson's riding also had a good deal to do with his performance last Saturday. I'm more convinced than ever that there is a hex on My Request. Nothing else could account for his recent bad luck. To be sure, he gave Donor six pounds and Stunts eleven, but the My Request of early spring could have spotted them considerably more than that and still won.

What was easily the most astonishing upset of the week was the defeat of Striking, Busher's little sister, in the Spinaway Stakes, at Saratoga. On past performances, she was what the speed-chart handicappers call, for reasons that escape me, a fuzzy, a horse they figure should win by at least eight lengths. Lots of people who shy at odds-on horses gaily bet on her at 2–5. For five furlongs, Striking looked like money in the bank; then, in the sixth, and final, furlong, she went all to pieces and was beaten by Sunday Evening, a filly from the Greentree Stable.

I was not, I'm sorry to say, particularly stirred by the Grand Union Hotel Stakes, which brought out a small collection of two-year-olds who have been racing against one another all month. Suleiman, who won it and who deserves a good mark for effort on his report card, ran in the Flash, the United States Hotel Stakes, and the Saratoga Special. Detective, who was second, was in the Flash and the United States Hotel Stakes. And Mr. Trouble, who was third, was in the United States Hotel Stakes and the Special. No doubt they'll all be in the Hopeful on Saturday. It seemed to me that Greek Ship, the favorite for the Grand Union, who finished last, was jittery on the way to the post, and being crowded back in the first furlong didn't settle his nerves. Anyway, in the final furlong—he was far behind at the time—he suddenly did a couple of fancy dance steps, bounding halfway across the track. One explanation I heard was that Woodhouse, who rode Greek Ship, whips with his left hand and that the colt wasn't accustomed to being hit on that side. Whatever caused his megrims, Greek Ship scared the daylights out of Woodhouse.

I HAD always had a notion that Coaltown would be exceedingly fast at a mile, and I had often wondered when he'd have an opportunity to show it. Well, last weekend, he ran in a mile event for the first time this season, and, apparently bored with merely beating the same horses over and over again, he put a little speed into his work and did the eight furlongs of the Whirlaway Stakes at Washington Park, Chicago, in 1:34. This, as you probably know, is a world's record for a circular track. (The fastest time for the distance over a straight course is 1:32, done by an animal named Mopsus, at Brighton, England, ten years ago. If you want to make anything of it, a good bit of the Brighton course is downhill, and Mopsus carried a hundred and five pounds. Coaltown, as usual, carried a hundred and thirty.) I haven't the slightest doubt but that Coaltown could have done better than 1:34 if he had tried, since he just galloped through the stretch. This is obvious from the fractional times: 0:22⅖ for the first quarter, 0:22⅘ for the second, 0:23⅖ for the third, and 0:25⅖ for the fourth. Incidentally, it was his eleventh victory in twelve starts this year. And if you're casting about for the winner of the American Derby in Chicago on Saturday, it's worth remembering that Ponder finished second in the Whirlaway, less than three lengths behind Coaltown. Of course, I don't suppose that there'll be much of a price against Ponder, but you can always put him in a parlay with something.

—AUDAX MINOR

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U.S. WEATHER REPORT

Louisiana: Fair Saturday and Sunday; not much change in literature.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

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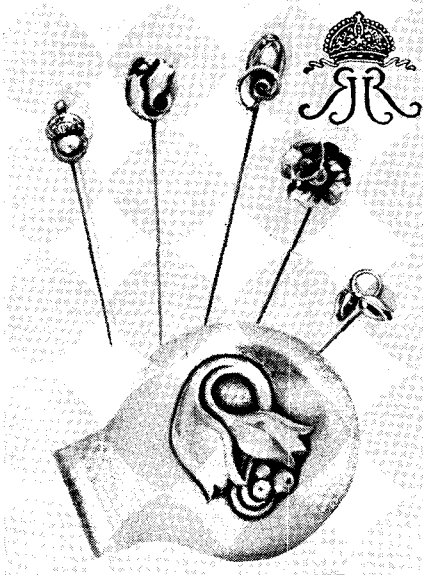

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THE SHIFTERS AND THE DITTOS

I GOT a penny postal the other morning from a college classmate whose name, even, had not brushed my consciousness since the sultry day in 1922 when we said our last "Be seein' ya." The scrawl on it read, "For crying out loud! I saw your name and address in the register of the pagoda at Dripping Rock, No. Carolina. I was there just the day after! Of all the coincidences!" Above his signature he had written, "Yours in '22, the Shifters and the Dittos." The Shifters and the Dittos are long gone, and I had not thought of them for years, but I was connected with them both, and with their end, as the following paragraphs will show.

The Shifters was an organization spawned, God knows where, in the early dawn of the twenties. I have always thought it was the absurd offspring of some youth in one of the Ivy colleges or their concomitant prep schools, but I stand to be corrected. Its emblem was a paper clip, worn in the lapel or on a sweater, much in the fashion of a fraternity pledge pin. The clip was not of the modern, contorted-wire variety; it was a small brass knob, about the size of an aspirin tablet, with two pointed prongs that, after having been stuck into a buttonhole or through the mesh of a sweater, were bent back to hold the clip in place. Clips of this type are still around, of course, but they have been largely supplanted by the twist of wire or the finger-pricking staple. The Shifters, however, unlike their emblem, are nearly thirty years obsolete.

After their obscure origin, the Shifters spread from dormitory to dormitory, from club to club, from campus to campus, from state to state, even into the big universities in the Middle West. Though the basic Secret remained unchanged, the rites of initiation varied widely, according to the whim of the campus, or even of the individual initiator. In the Dartmouth chapter, to which I belonged, the future member had first to be a supplicant, begging of a veteran Shifter all the paraphernalia, rights, and privileges of the order. This placed the veteran squarely in a position to extract from the beggar such booty, in such form, as the traffic would bear. In return, the Shifter imparted the Secret to the supplicant and bestowed the emblem on him. There was no conclave, no balloting, no blackballing. Each man shifted as he would. The fee might be a much-needed buck or two; it might be a Strawberry Jigger (a hefty dash of marshmallow cream in a parfait glass, followed by a layer of crushed strawberries, two scoops of ice cream, more strawberries, a couple of squirts of soda, and, finally, a topping of walnut-sprinkled whipped cream); or it might be an expensive, smuggled quart of Canadian high wine. It might even, if the supplicant was literarily inclined, be a month's supply of class themes.

However the induction, or "shift," was accomplished, the nonsense spread, and wherever there was coeducation, the girls, barred from the Secret, plaintively or combatively went nuts. Editorials appeared in campus and metropolitan papers, raising dark questions. Were the Shifters secret followers of this Mussolini whose name was beginning to be heard? Were they Bolsheviks, donning false and bristly whiskers in the dead of night to work on their round, homemade bombs with saltpetre-saturated rope fuses? A totally unfounded story got printed somewhere, I remember, telling of a Shifter whose usual fee was a pint of grain alcohol, to be swiped from the chemistry lab. On one occasion, the story went, the supplicant supplied not the harmless alcohol but a pint of formaldehyde solution, covertly dipped from vats in the Medical School, where the cadavers were kept. Unable to tell the difference, the Shifter died. So, in another sense, did all the Shifters, eventually, but not until there were uncounted tens of thousands of them over the country, all having learned, in ways of varying austerity, the Shifters' Secret—that there was no secret at all. And they didn't die until I had founded a counter-brotherhood, known as the Dittos. After a digression, I shall tell its history.

THERE was at Dartmouth at that time a fine old white-shocked archeologist, called, behind his back and by everyone, Georgie George. He was fast approaching emeritus-ship, and was

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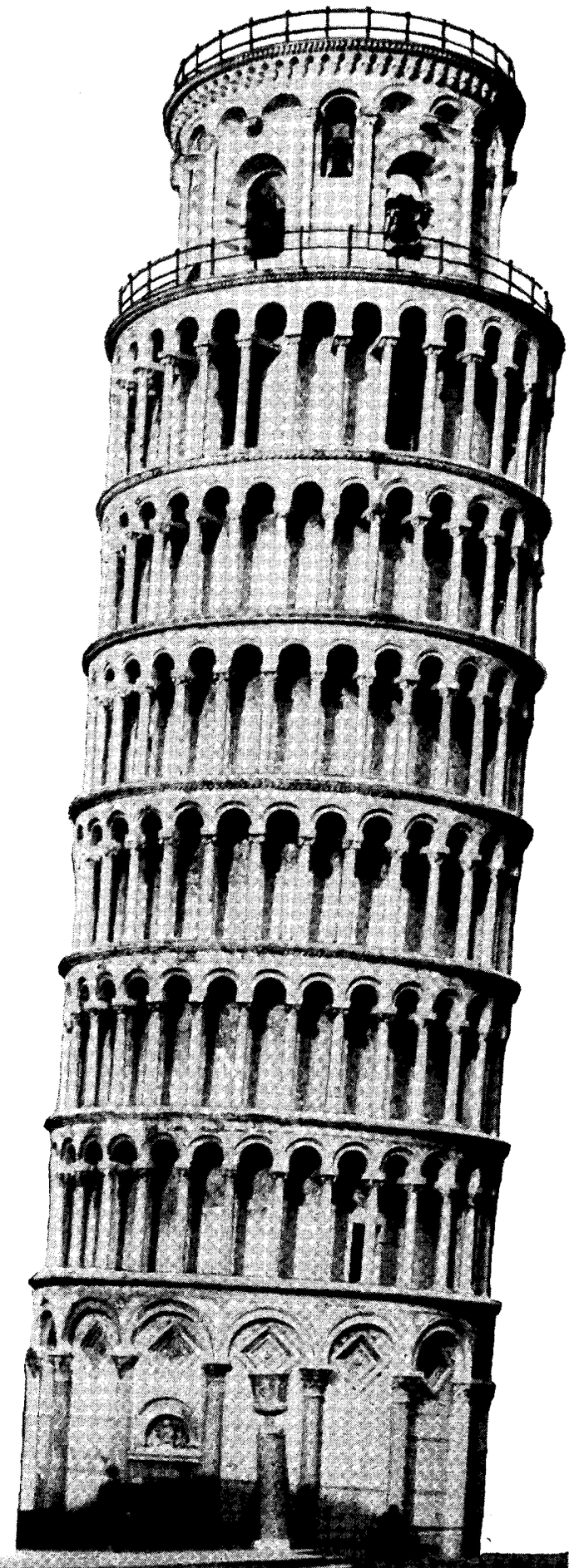

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becoming the embodiment of the absent-minded professor. He was probably one of the best-liked professors in the college—and not only because he called his courses "pipe," and used to stand or recline on his classroom desk in the attitudes of familiar classic sculpture. A vast fabric of tales was being woven about his amiable failing. As a student, I knew a few of these to be true. There was the early afternoon, for instance, when I stopped and chatted with him on the campus for a while. As we were parting, he said, "Could you tell me, please, which way I was walking when we met?" "You were going toward your office," I told him. "Ah, thanks," he said. "Then I've *had* lunch." I also know of the day he went into Tony's barbershop, in the Hanover Inn, and asked Tony how recently he had been in for a haircut. Tony said, "I got finished with you only half an hour ago, Professor George, and I gave you a good one." "So you did, Tony," said Georgie, pulling a crumpled piece of paper out of his pocket. "Mrs. George wrote it down for me, and I must have forgotten to cross it off."

It was then the custom, as it probably still is, for the students (or stewed cats, as they were generally known as) to wear outsized leather or canvas overshoes throughout the long, snow-laden Hanover winter. It was heresy to buckle them, so they always flapped, one against the other. Consequently, the buckles eventually loosened and dropped off, particularly the little ladderlike halves of them into which the tongues were designed to be inserted. Along the streets and beside the campus paths, layer after layer of these buckle ladders was buried by succeeding snows, and in the spring, as thaw followed thaw, they came to light, two-, three-, four-, or five-runged. (I once found a six-runged rarity.)

One year—the Year of the Shifters, as it happened—I began to pick them up when the thaws came, and to drop them, with no purpose in mind, into the pockets of my green mackinaw. Gathering them in became a reflex with me, like avoiding cracks in concrete walks or touching every tree or telephone pole you passed. Later, I took to sorting the ladders according to the number of rungs, and filing them in shoe boxes in my room. One bright day, when I was standing in the melting snow talking with Georgie George, I spied a beauty emerging from the slush. It was a noble specimen—a three-runged delicacy of shining brass. He saw it, too, and we lurched for it together. He got there first, and stood fingering it admiringly for a minute.

"Splendid!" he said. Then he looked at me. "Why did you reach for this?" he asked.

"I—I collect them," I said. I'm afraid I stammered.

"*You* collect *dittos*?" he said.

"I collect these—these buckles," I said, "but I never heard them called anything. I mean I never knew they were called dittos."

"Neither did I, my boy," he said. "Neither did I, until just recently. I have long wondered what dittos might be, and now I'm fairly sure that these are they, inasmuch as they are found only along such well-trodden routes as these paths and the Appian Way. It's been a year since you took an archeology course with me (you should repeat it; I have a few new acts, very amusing), but surely you remember the listing of archeological findings:

7 bronze amulets
1 gold ditto

or

18 iron wristlets
1 silver ditto

"What these dittos might be, I never knew, nor have I ever seen a photograph or lantern slide of one. Neither has any of my learned friends with whom I frequently correspond. However, archeology has taken a tremendous stride since the excavation for the new Rome subway has been started, and dittos have been recorded and catalogued in unprecedented numbers. By inference and comparison, I have come to the conclusion that *these* are dittos, and I am considering preparing a paper and some slides about them, to be presented at the Archeological Conference in Baltimore, in June, if I can remember to go. But I daresay Mrs. George will remind me."

It was easy to fall into his mood. I drew a four-runged, black-lacquered specimen out of my pocket. "What was their use, Professor George?" I asked. "Do you think they were worn?"

"Worn? Yes, almost certainly. I presume they were strung on fillets and bound around the brow in triumphal or sacrificial processions. Not by the common herd, of course, but by the members of some brotherhood, perhaps—possibly like your idiotic Shifters here, who have no purpose but display and the preservation of a Secret. I do not know or care to know the Secret, but I have observed the order closely enough to realize that there is no rank among

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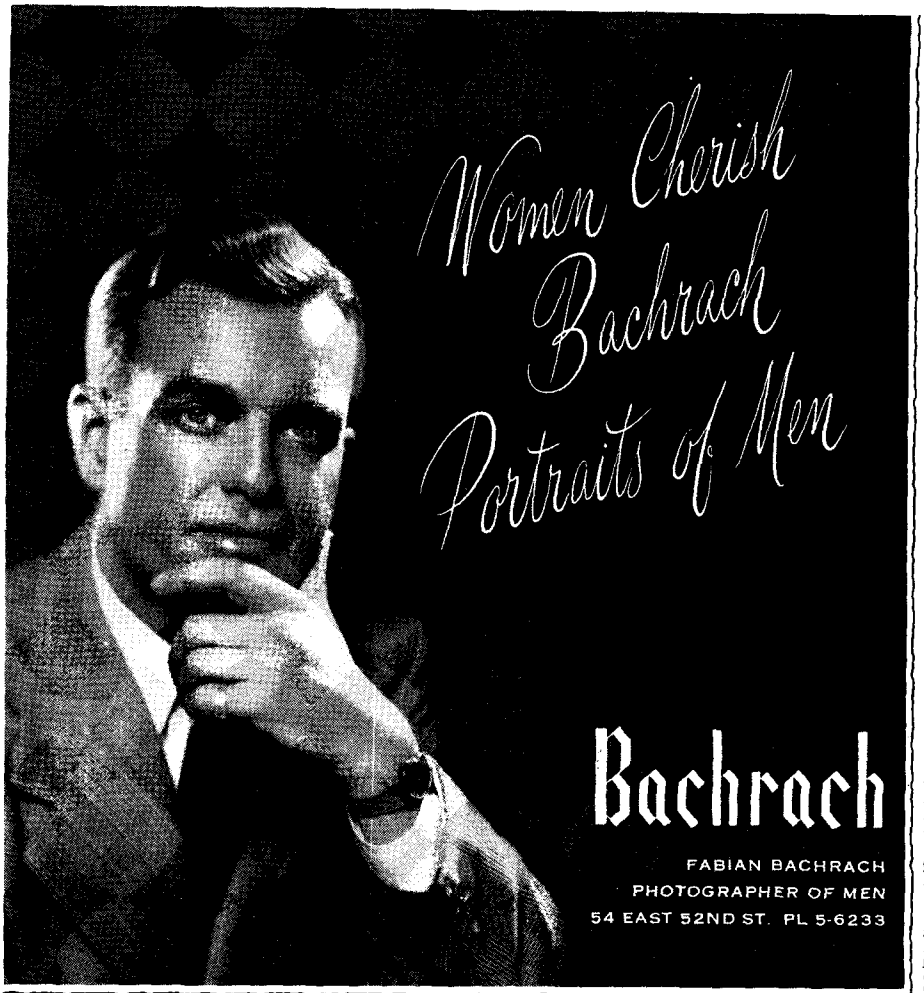

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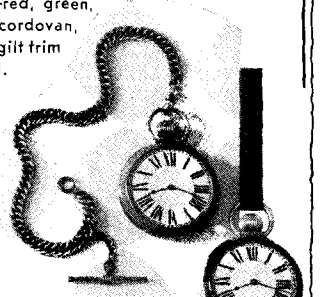

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them. On the other hand, is it not evident that the brethren who wore dittos were entitled to vari-runged emblems, ranked from two to six, distinguished further by color and metal, and, undoubtedly, bestowed because of personal accomplishment, according to the purpose and the code of the order?"

"And what, do you gather, was the purpose, Professor George?" I asked.

He narrowed his eyes. "The extinguishment of all rival orders," he said.

SO there you have it. Within an hour, the Secret was formulated, the Code arranged, and the first dittos cannily distributed. We initial members waited for no supplicants but set out aggressively to spread dittos as widely as possible—the common varieties to begin with, the beauties later, as accomplishment grew and the Purpose neared achievement. Within a week, the Dittos, as, naturally, we called our organization, received notice in the *Daily Dartmouth*, then in a few other campus papers. Chapter after chapter sprang up in the snowy colleges. We got the same editorials, not so widely circulated but fully as harsh, as the Shifters had got. And then, suddenly, the Dittos passed away, mission accomplished. The Secret, you see, whispered in remote campus corners, was "Death to all Shifters. Minimum requirement: one per day."

The rest is history; the Shifters are gone. —CLIFFORD ORR

•

"That's just chicken feed," he said when police took nine $199 bills and some smaller stuff out of his pockets.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Smaller stuff like seventeens and fourteens? Stuff like that?

•

Pittsburgh: Here is a "word expert" clipping that states: "Rodents are so called because they are knawing animals. Rodent means knowing." What about that?—R.

A. There is no such word as "knawing." The correct spelling is "gnowing."—*Frank Colby in the Columbus Dispatch.*

Next question.

•

WHAT DIGEST D'YA READ?

During the war the Navy withdrew blue shirts from men . . . and substituted white, after tests showed that the incidence of mosquito bites was considerably higher among men wearing blue.—*Science Digest.*

Light clothing attracts mosquitoes more than dark—yellow and white clothes most of all; red and blue least.—*Everybody's Digest.*

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BOOKS

The Secret Past of a Popular Author

THE late Damon Runyon as a young man wrote fiction inspired by his boyhood surroundings in Pueblo, Colorado, his Army service in the Spanish-American War, his travels as a hobo, and his life as a tramp newspaperman in the West. For this, the magazines he wrote for—*Adventure*, *Hampton's*, *Lippincott's*, and others—rewarded him with, as the expression is now, peanuts. Thirty-five dollars was what he usually got for a story. Later on, in Runyon's words, he picked out a couple of blocks on Broadway and made half a million dollars out of them. There is no question as to which period he preferred; he took an even blunter and less inhibited attitude toward personal financial success than most popular writers do. The later stories, the Broadway guy-and-doll tales told in the present tense, are widely known and read. They have made Runyon one of the most extensively anthologized and steadily imitated writers of our time. They have produced startling royalties in England, where critics and readers show a degree of enthusiasm for them that confuses some American visitors, for it implies very plainly that after a long, slow pull, by way of Poe, Whitman, James, Twain, Cather, and Hemingway, our culture finally hit the jackpot with Runyon. As for his early, thirty-five-dollar stories—written in the past tense, and not about Broadway—Runyon himself never bothered to reprint them. In view of his frank respect for a cash standard of measurement, it's possible that he thought his high-priced stories were automatically better than his low-priced ones.

A new book, "Runyon First and Last" (Lippincott), compiled by Clark Kinnaird, consists entirely of pieces never previously published in book form, including several stories written before 1911, the year Runyon left Colorado for New York. On the evidence it presents, I will not insist that the author's judgment of his work was entirely wrong. The first stories are crude and boyish. Runyon had certainly become a more competent technician by the time he struck the Broadway vein, the mother lode. Just the same, "Runyon First and Last" is to me far and away the most interesting of all the Runyon collections made to date. Mr. Kinnaird has begun by providing a good short biography of the author. Then, by adding two recent stories of the guy-and-doll category to the rough early fiction and including a quantity of middle-period stuff, which combines Western subject matter with the guy-and-doll manner, he has drawn a clear chart of Runyon's professional course. That course was spectacularly direct and single-minded, as such things go in the world of letters. The Kinnaird collection deserves to be kept on file as a textbook after its entertainment value has been tapped. Few writers in America or elsewhere have submerged their native talents, their deepest experiences in early life, as deliberately and expertly as Runyon submerged his in favor of the box office. The effect is made more vivid by the fact that the first stories show Runyon to have had better-than-average native talents and a richer-than-average early experience. As he went along, he learned to exchange straight writing for oblique writing, ideas for pictures of ideas, and heard speech for manufactured speech. It is an old trick of professional artists to travel a street approximately parallel with reality but three or four blocks removed from it, where the going is smoother and one-way. The special thing about Runyon was the purposeful speed with which he mastered such dodges. He was a truly precocious pro. The first stories he wrote had no plots to speak of—at least their plots were not important—but in the very next ones he wrote he went in for plots per se, as did O. Henry and, when he had nothing better to do, Mark Twain. Mr. Kinnaird and others have accounted for this by describing Runyon as a natural, or "innate," storyteller. The fact is, though, that he would use the same kind of plot for a piece with a boyhood setting at the Water Wheel Hole, up the "Arkansaw" River, as he would for one about two Manhattan horseplayers in love with the same doll. The idea in both cases would be: the doll had seen to it beforehand that neither guy's gun was loaded.

After a time, when he had whipped his last, most successful style into shape, Runyon took the logical step of becoming his own imitator. In imitating Runyon, he had lots of company, not only among the Broadway characters who ostensibly inspired him, and who found that they preferred Runyon's version of their speech to the real thing, but among other writers. It's an important point of commercial ethics that a man who invents a style has a better

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right to imitate it than anyone else has. Runyon did not like to be aped in print by strangers. "The guy who said imitation is the sincerest form of flattery," he observed, "was probably trying to alibi some idea larceny of his own." However, as soon as he had begun, for sound business reasons, to repeat and exploit himself and the synthesis he had created, his stories took on a queer, mixed flavor. They were sustained pretending by someone with a private aversion to pretense. They were fairy tales written by a practicing cynic, Cinderella dreams composed by a man with an obvious grasp of the betting odds against Cinderella, a man who produced romance at so many coconuts a word. Runyon the author is incongruous in the same way as is one of his standard creations—the bookmaker or hairy-armed gunsel committed to the care and feeding of a small girl-child or an innocent old lady.

To a great many readers, Runyon's writing is not only neat but funny. That is a taste that I respect whenever it coincides with my own, and when it does not branch out into esoterica. I knew an English captain in the recent war, a schoolteacher in civilian life, who took a vast and wholesome delight in the names of such Runyon heroes as Nicely Nicely and Harry the Horse. He was a fan whom any writer would have envied Runyon. But from his pure, if sheltered, joy in Harry the Horse he went on to quote gravely a British critic (also quoted, less gravely, by Mr. Kinnaird) who had written of a kinship between Runyon and Homer, based on their use of the non-detachable epithet—in Homer, "ox-eyed Hera" and "wine-dark sea;" in Runyon, "ever-loving wife." That made me suspicious. Runyon, attributing the words to his father, once wrote:

"Son, sometime, somewhere, you are going to meet a gambler who will offer you a bet that he can take a brand-new deck of cards and make the Jack of Spades jump out and squirt cider in your ear.

"Son," says the old man, "do not bet him, for just as sure as you do you are going to get an earful of cider."

I think that that is a good specimen of Runyon style. I also think that the old man made a useful point there. In brooding over my friend the captain, though, I began to wonder just which things in that passage would strike him as funny, and I was afraid, and still am, that they would be the artificial paragraphing, the artificial repetition of "Son," and the use of "do not" instead of what the old man really said—"don't." Either those things would strike the captain as funny or he would find that they bore a significant relationship to the rhythms of Cicero. I do know that he considered Runyon's Broadway to be the real Broadway. Mr. Kinnaird loyally encourages this idea. "One thing . . . imitators never appeared to comprehend," writes the compiler of "Runyon First and Last," "was that 'Runyonese' wasn't pure invention. In all his work, there's evidence his ears were ever constantly attuned to authentic American speech and habits of thought." Runyon's ears were attuned, all right, but he deliberately refused to repeat what he heard as he heard it. Runyonese is a successful commercial alloy. American habits of thought were something Runyon understood pretty well, but he did not care to rub them into the public for which he wrote fiction. If Runyon imitators failed to match him, it was simply because they had less ability to write Runyonese, or anything else, than he had.

In the beginning, as "Runyon First and Last" demonstrates, Runyon wrote straight. By that I mean that he set down one idea after another with no pauses for effect, and that he was more interested in what he had to say than in how he said it. Two of the early stories in particular—"Two Men Named Collins" and "The Informal Execution of Soupbone Pew"—are fresh and vigorous in a way that nothing he wrote afterward is. He had a thorough first-hand knowledge of Army life and of hobo life. He had been raised in—or, rather, left by his father to run wild in—the sort of Western town, half frontier, half industrial, about which very little has been written, and he knew its local color well: saloons, sheepmen, dobe houses, cottonwood trees, smelters, roundies (roundheads, or foreign-born laborers), Mexicans, dogs, and panhandling Indians. Pretty soon, however, astonishingly soon, he stopped describing things that had actually happened, or might conceivably have happened, in such surroundings and began to paste regional words and place names onto standard plots, the kinds of plot that serve equally well, or equally badly, for stories laid in the Far West, on Broadway, or in Spanish Morocco. "Runyon First and Last" contains a section of pieces about "young squirts" in Runyon's home town of Pueblo. In a small way, these pieces resemble "Tom Sawyer;" they are full of good local touches but synthetically plotted and written. Runyon's work shows clear signs that the author was influenced by his reading of Mark Twain, O. Henry, Kipling, and Dickens,

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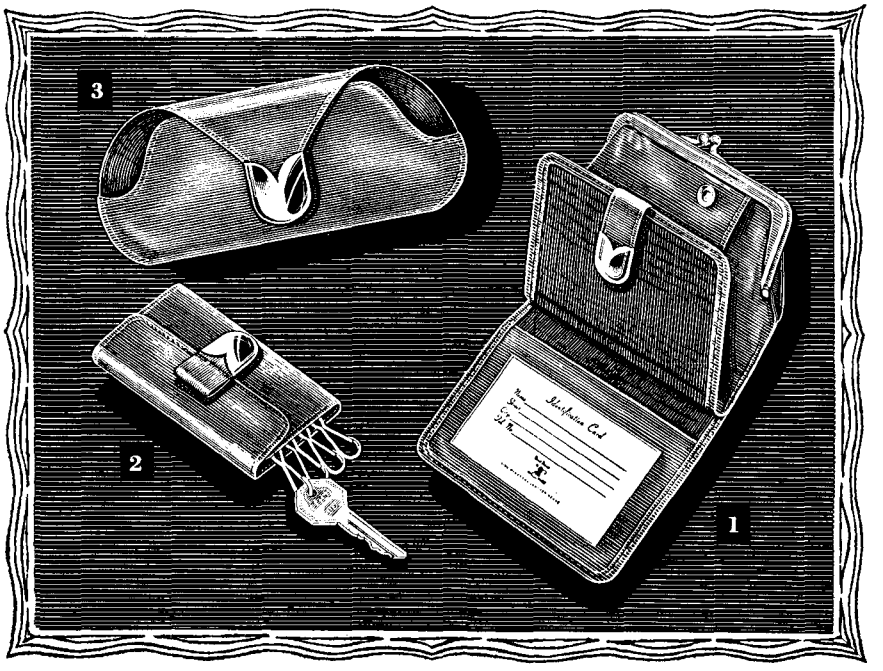
among others. For his own purposes, he naturally preferred the Mark Twain of "Tom Sawyer" to the Mark Twain of "Huckleberry Finn."

Mr. Kinnaird, in the foreword to the book, mentions Runyon's pleasure in learning that his first job in New York would pay him forty dollars a week. "This is too good to last," Runyon said. The incident has a sort of eerie personal interest for this reviewer. Once, twenty years or so later, Runyon, as an informal recruiter for Hearst, offered me a job, and asked me what I was getting in the one I had. I said forty dollars a week. He was a nonchalant as well as tactful man, but the answer visibly shocked him; for a few moments, it robbed him of speech. It's not hard to realize how he must have come to feel by then about the stories he had written for thirty-five dollars in his misspent (though not for long) youth. Incidentally, like many dedicated hunters for gold, Runyon had a passion for private philanthropy. Like many people who think harshly about man and his higher aspirations in general, he practiced great tenderness toward individuals and inspired great tenderness in return. In health, sickness, and death, he probably attracted more eulogies than any other writer of recent times. Mr. Kinnaird's foreword is one of these, but better planned and more informative than most. —JOHN LARDNER

VERSE

THE scholar cannot always be trusted to be fair to a poet's outer work or inner aspirations, particularly when scholar and poet are contemporaries. For although the percentage among Ph.D.s (or their equivalent) of those who hate, despise, and distrust imaginative literature is surely small, there is, nevertheless, a certain large proportion of scholarly critics who would twist and transform the poet's work or intention into something nearer to a doctorate's desire. Condemnation of the poet on rational grounds is fairly common, and learned writers, at their most meddling and obtuse, will even step into the poet's place and rewrite his poem. The poet is, therefore, at times as badly served by the scholar as by the man in the street, and this is a pity, because the scholar, however unimaginative, at least knows history and can remember how crudely poets have been served by their contemporaries in the past, whereas the ordinary citizen, as he recoils from a work of the imagination, believes he does it for the first time and credits himself not only with



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DRY OR SWEET

tremendous common sense but with tremendous originality.

C. M. Bowra, whose new volume of essays concerned with modern poetry is entitled "The Creative Experiment" (Macmillan), is a scholar—Warden of Wadham College, Oxford, since 1938, and Oxford's Professor of Poetry since 1946. The book is a sequel to "The Heritage of Symbolism" (1943), wherein Bowra discussed, with much insight, learning, and liberality of approach, the post-symbolist poets Valéry, Rilke, Aleksandr Blok, and William Butler Yeats. In the new volume, he deals with men whose experiments with form, content, and language belong to a later period—the first half of the twentieth century. Two elements are outstanding in Bowra's treatment of his subjects. In the first place, he is so sympathetic to their aims that he often becomes belligerent about the essential rightness of their methods. In the second place, he is a linguist, with a broad knowledge of European literature in a variety of languages. Because of this breadth of choice, he is nonprovincial and fitted to combat the suspicion, widely held in America, that modern poetry is a conspiracy composed entirely of writers who are members of the English-speaking world. The poets whom Bowra here presents as fruitful innovators are Constantine Cavafy, an Alexandrian Greek born in 1868; Guillaume Apollinaire (de Kostrowitsky), of polyglot origin but a Parisian by choice; the Russians Mayakovsky and Boris Pasternak; the Andalusians García Lorca and Rafael Alberti; and T. S. Eliot, British subject but an American by birth.

Bowra understands both the historic and the poetic processes. That action brings on reaction, that a stiffened convention immediately creates the need for the breaching of that convention are facts that hold true in history as well as in aesthetics. Poetry must continually change, since it is close to the stream of life, which cannot for a moment remain stagnant, and it must change with increasing swiftness, and with a complete disregard for the past, in periods—like our own—of unceasing and shifting pressures. Light alloys have replaced cast iron; people no longer decorate their rooms (except in fun) with copperplate engravings of Landseer's dogs; young ladies no longer play "A Maiden's Prayer" on cottage pianos. Modern art is firmly based on a new sensibility. The aim of modern poetry, as of the other arts of our time, is, Bowra says, not to simplify or explain, not to soothe, console, or "give an ultimate sense of harmony," not to teach or exhort, but simply "to present." And this problem of presentation, he points out, is one that must be settled not theoretically but according to the circumstances in which the individual poet finds himself.

Conservative poets cannot cope with the situations of a period in which codes are breaking down, and experimental poets, too, sometimes make mistakes—Marinetti, for example, with his worship of power as embodied in the machine. But for the last fifty years there has been a flow of modern vitality only in the experimentalists. Whether or not an experimenter manages to keep to his chosen track or is catastrophically derailed by his temperament or his times depends upon a thousand contributing factors, ponderable and imponderable. Bowra follows the revolutionary and tragic career of Mayakovsky with the same understanding that he gives to the more pliable Pasternak. He emphasizes Apollinaire's rare power to absorb the modern world with joy instead of rejecting it with loathing, and he brings out two virtues often overlooked in Eliot—his exquisite ear, and his insistence upon dramatic balance as well as intellectual content. Bowra's exegesis of the "The Waste Land," by the way, is the most nearly complete and rewarding of any written by Eliot's contemporaries.

Bowra is a good critic because he understands not only the aesthetic process (what the poet sets out to do, and how he does it), insofar as it can be understood, but also the aesthetic experience (what the sympathetic reader receives from the poem). And he is on the poet's side, since he realizes what infinite and inexhaustible vitality, spiritual and mental, is required in order that, in our time, as in any other, "the maximum of truth and of poetical effect" may be secured.

—Louise Bogan

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Big Wheel, by John Brooks (Harper). In this examination of the ideals and aspirations of various staff members of a glib and fabulous news magazine, Mr. Brooks has, happily, managed to project his story beyond the realm of mere journalistic inside stuff and to make use of some broader moral and literary perspectives. The narrator of the story, an employee of a weekly called *Present Day*, finds himself increasingly depressed by the cynicism of some of his fellow-work-

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ers and by the driving ambition of the magazine's editor. An intramural crisis tries the consciences of all concerned and proves the editor's conscience to be, in its way, the strongest around the place. Objections may be raised to the tenuousness of this dénouement, but the author prepares for it by making it clear that he is not concerned with either hero worship or satire.

TWILIGHT ON THE FLOODS, by Marguerite Steen (Doubleday). "Twilight" is the key word of this title. The Flood family, who knew more buoyant times in Miss Steen's "The Sun Is My Undoing," are here carried through almost eight hundred crepuscular pages by every nineteenth-century conveyance, from an Ashanti war canoe to a brightly lacquered victoria. The author is principally interested in the only scion of the family still sufficiently intrepid to seek out new opportunities for profit in far sections of the world. Although most of his relatives have become too dully engrossed in English country life to be of any help either to the clan or to the narrative, he knocks around the Gold Coast enough to keep the tale at a slow simmer. For much of the way, though, the prose is as dense and monochromatic as a bamboo thicket.

THE RIVER LINE, by Charles Morgan (Macmillan). The residual feelings of guilt with which the recent war has probably left many of the participants in it are here given thoughtful treatment within the framework of a quite melodramatic plot. An American veteran, visiting a couple in England with whom he shared a harrowing experience in Nazi-occupied France, becomes increasingly preoccupied with his responsibility for the death of another companion in the French adventure. He is even more depressed after his friends have helped him uncover the full history of the episode, but in the final chapter his conscience is neatly and moralistically cleared. There is some intelligent conversation about the world's current melancholia, and also a less original love affair.

GENERAL

AMERICAN FREEDOM AND CATHOLIC POWER, by Paul Blanshard (Beacon). Mr. Blanshard's book, a greatly expanded version of his stormy series of articles in the *Nation* last year, is a flat indictment of the Roman Catholic Church as an insti-

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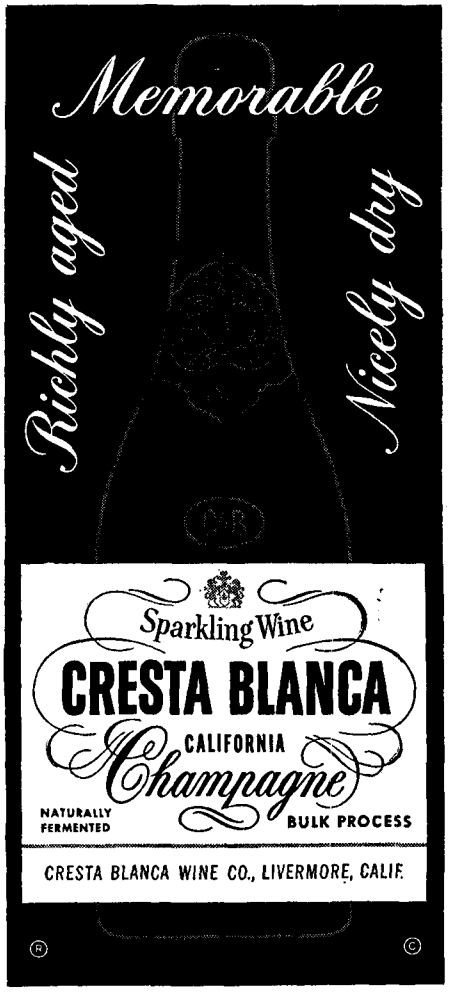

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tion (he carefully distinguishes it from the Catholic faith) that is undemocratic, authoritarian, intolerant, coercive, medieval, superstitious, unscientific, reactionary, conspiratorial, and, ultimately, un-American, and he assumes that these charges are endorsed by "liberal" Catholic laymen and "modern American priests." The author's proposals for the reform of the Church would involve, on the Catholic side, breaking the tie with Rome, democratizing the structure of Church control, ending parochial education, and permitting the clergy to marry—in other words, making the Catholic Church something like the Congregational Christian Churches. As for non-Catholics, he advocates that they form, until reform is achieved, "a resistance movement designed to prevent the hierarchy from imposing its social policies upon our schools, hospitals, government, and family organization." Mr. Blanshard's evidence for his indictment in almost every case is drawn from official Catholic sources and is quoted exhaustively, and his manuscript was submitted to a panel of experts, including such authorities as the Professor Emeritus of Church History at Harvard, for "scrutiny and criticism." His tone lacks the venom and sensationalism usually associated with such charges as he makes, but it is hard to believe that his book will persuade any but the already persuaded.

THE IRISH, by Seán O'Faoláin (Devin-Adair). A "character study" that is really a condensed and subjective social history of the Irish nation from the Celtic invasion of Ireland to the present day. It is written with insight and good humor but with a strong disrespect for the traditions of the Irish people. The book, one suspects, is addressed chiefly to Mr. O'Faoláin's compatriots. From the start, he denies the sons of Ireland their most prized self-indulgence—moaning about the wrongs they have suffered at the hands of foreign usurpers. Ireland, he says, has benefited greatly from the invaders. The Danes, the Normans, the Tudors, and the Cromwellians brought to Ireland all that Irishmen hold dear—the Church, law, language, the political structure of their society, literature, and the cities and towns. (Dublin was built by foreigners "stone by stone," he says.) So far, the Irish have produced very good rebels but little in the way of constructive ideas; it is now time, Mr. O'Faoláin believes, for them to draw upon their rich inheritance and learn something from their national experience. He also suggests that it might be well to play down the fabled Irish charm for a while.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE CASE OF THE HOUSEKEEPER'S HAIR, by Christopher Bush (Macmillan). Ludovic Travers, in his role of unofficial consultant to the Yard, journeys to a seaside town to see whether or not a young man he met at a London club is going to carry out his threat of murdering an unspecified acquaintance. Travers gets involved in both a boating expedition and a murder case, which is complicated by the fact that most of his fellow-yachtsmen are harboring grudges dating back to the days of the Nazi occupation of France. It's all worked out in a pleasantly gentlemanly fashion, which should prove both satisfactory and soothing to admirers of the roast-beef mystery school.

THE BLUE ICE, by Hammond Innes (Harper). Another demonstration of Mr. Innes's fondness for picturesque and unlikely locales. (His preceding thriller was set in a leaky tin mine in Cornwall.) This one features athletic doings on a string of mountain peaks overlooking a remote Norwegian fiord. The bunch of oddly assorted folk who ski around in blinding snowstorms, taking pot shots at each other, are searching for a former member of the Norwegian underground who knew the whereabouts of some valuable mineral deposits. As might be expected, the whole business culminates overviolently, and without too much regard for probability, but these drawbacks are fairly well concealed by the author's skillful technique.

•

The committee's refusal stems from the opposition of certain members to Mrs. Chadeayne's stand on certain matters, informed sources said.—*St. Louis Star-Times.*

Informed but rather close-mouthed sources.

•

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